AMAZING ADVENTURES
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
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AMAZING ADVENTURES

FEATURING

THE BEAST

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

THEY'RE BACK! THE BLOB! UNUS! MASTERMIND!

The BROTHERHOOD OF EVIL MUTANTS!

THE BLUDGEONING BEAST!™

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YESSSS? IS THAT YOUR CONSIDERED OPINION, MY UNTOUCHABLE UNUS?
WELL, LOOK--ALL I KEEP HEARING FROM YOU IS HOW GREAT YOUR POWER IS--HOW UNBEATABLE YOU ARE...
YEAH! WE'RE ALL MUTANTS, MASTER-MIND! ALL OF US HAVE GOT POWERS WORTH BRAGGIN' ABOUT.

THEY DO CALL ME THE BLOB, AFTER ALL. IF I DON'T WANNA BE MOVED, I DON'T GET MOVED!
AND IF I DON'T WANT TO BE TOUCHED, I DON'T GET TOUCHED.
NO ONE CAN SUCCESSFULLY FIGHT EITHER OF US, WHICH IS WHY WE'RE A TEAM!
WHAT DO WE NEED WITH YOU?
OBVIOUSLY, YOU NEED THINGS SPELLED OUT...

"MY MUTANT BRAIN ALLOWS ME TO CONTROL WHAT OTHERS EXPERIENCE! MOMENTS AGO, THE BEAST EXPERIENCED HIS KILLING OF IRON MAN IN A FIT OF UNCONTROLLABLE BLOODLUST--*
*LAST ISH.--S.

"--BUT ACTUALLY, HE COMMITTED NO SUCH CRIME.
"TRUE, HE FOUGHT IRON MAN, BUT AT THE MOMENT I WISHED, HE STOPPED BRAWLING--
"--AND FELL INTO A TRANCE OF MY DEVISING, IN WHICH HE IMAGINED HIS HEINOUS CRIME!
"IRON MAN IS PERFECTLY WELL--BUT THE BEAST, NOW FLED INTO THIS FOREST, IS CONVINCED HE IS A MURDERER--AND HE SUFFERS AMNESIA, TO BOOT!"

IT WILL BE A SIMPLE MATTER, THEN, TO ADD HIM TO OUR RANKS.
YOU SPOKE BEFORE OF YOUR MARVELOUS ABILITIES OF DEFENSE...
...BUT, YOU SEE, IT IS ONLY MASTER-MIND WHO CAN ATTACK!

MAN, BY BIOLOGICAL DEFINITION, IS TOTALLY DEPENDENT UPON HIS MIND FOR HIS ACTIONS.
BY CONTROLLING MEN'S MINDS, I CONTROL MEN'S ACTIONS--AND THUS--I CONTROL MEN!
HOW CAN ANYONE STAND AGAINST THAT POWER? HOW??
WATCH NOW AS I FLUSH OUR RELUCTANT RECRUIT...

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

DON'T KNOW--WHY YOU DEVILS--WANT TO HOUND ME--LIKE ALL THE OTHERS...
BUT I'M THE BEAST--AND I'M GOING PAST YOU--OVER YOU--OR THROUGH YOU!

SOUNDS PRETTY FIERCE, DOESN'T HE, MR. U.?
YES INDEEDY DO, MR. B.

NOW RELAX, BEAST. TAKE A LOAD OFF YOUR FEET--WHILE I PUT AN IMMOVABLE ONE ON YOUR BACK!
YESSS... LISTEN TO ME FOR A MOMENT, MY FRIEND.
WE ARE YOUR FRIENDS, YOU KNOW--AND IF YOU'LL BE GOOD, WE'LL LET YOU UP, TO DEMONSTRATE OUR FRIENDSHIP.

ALL FOUR OF US ARE MUTANTS--HUNTED BY HUMANS SIMPLY FOR BEING BORN WITH POWERS THEY WISH THEY HAD.
WE ARE REGARDED AS FREAKS--AND SOMEHOW THAT MAKES US DANGEROUS!
BUT WE ARE NEITHER GOOD NOR EVIL--THOSE ARE HUMANITY'S LABELS FOR US!

I KNOW OF YOUR BATTLE WITH ONE OF THEIR HEROES.
BUT DIDN'T HE IMMEDIATELY JUDGE YOU EVIL? DIDN'T HE ATTACK YOU? DIDN'T HE GOAD YOU TILL YOU LOST YOUR HEAD?
ISN'T HE REALLY TO BLAME FOR WHAT HAPPENED--AND NOT YOU?

WE ARE DEDICATED TO FIGHTING THE HUMANS' CORRUPT SYSTEM.
WE ARE HOMO SUPERIOR. WE SHOULD BE HUMANITY'S SUPERIORS--SO WE CAN INSURE PEACE AND FREEDOM FOR ALL--MAN AND MUTANT ALIKE!
WHAT DO YOU SAY, BEAST? WILL YOU HELP US IN OUR WORK?

I'M SO CONFUSED. I CAN'T THINK STRAIGHT.

BUT I COULDN'T BE ONE OF THEM. THEY ALWAYS HATED ME... HUNTED ME...

BUT I REMEMBER... MANY YEARS OF BEING APART... OF HIDING FROM MEN--AND WANTING DESPERATELY TO BE ONE OF THEM.

I NEED... FRIENDS...!

I...WILL HELP YOU...

GOOD! COME, THEN.

LONG ISLAND FOG SWIRLS KITTENISHLY AROUND THEM, SWATHING THEIR SENSE OF TIME PASSED IN VELVET FUR, UNTIL...

BEHOLD, BEAST! BEHOLD YOUR NEW HOME--!

BEHOLD THE CARNIVAL, WHICH FURNISHES A HAVEN FOR THOSE WHO ARE... DIFFERENT.

BEHOLD THOSE WHO ARE TRULY HUMANS, BUT SUFFER FROM PHYSICAL DEFORMITY, SUCH AS THE SIDE-SHOW FREAKS!

BEHOLD THOSE WHO ARE TRULY HUMAN, AND YET FIND RELEASE IN PRETENDING TO BE LESS, SUCH AS THE CLOWNS!

IS IT ANY WONDER WE TRUE MUTANTS MAY MOVE FREELY HERE?

EPIC CARNIVAL FREAKS

I SHALL LEAVE YOU NOW, TO RELAX AND REFRESH.

BUT FIRST, A QUESTION: I ONCE KNEW ANOTHER MUTANT CALLED THE BEAST. ARE YOU PERHAPS ...RELATED?

WORLD'S TALLEST MAN!

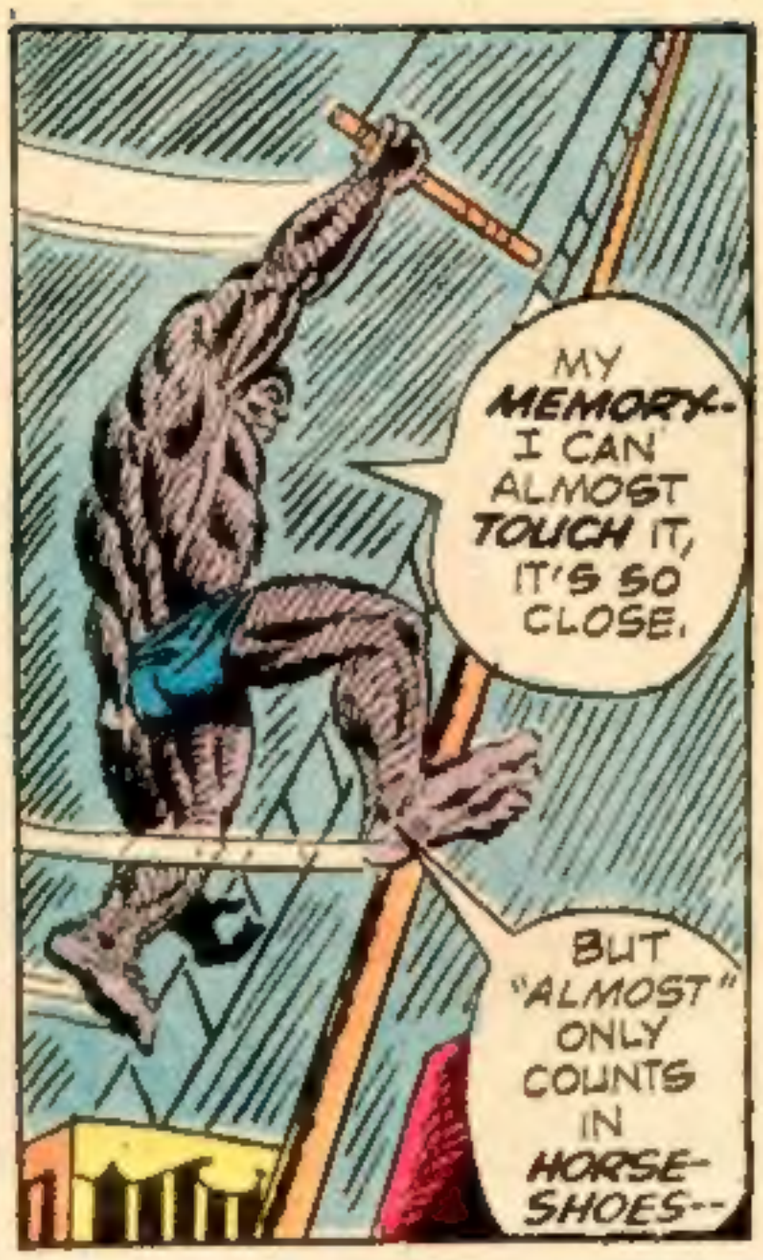
NO, MASTERMIND-- I'M A ONE-OF-A-KIND MONSTER.

I'M HAZY ON A LOT OF THINGS, BUT I'M SURE-- IF THERE EVER WAS ANOTHER BEAST--HE WAS NOTHING LIKE ME!

THAT IS A RELIEF, MY ALLIES.

THE X-MAN BEAST DEFEATED US ALL IN EARLIER DAYS. I AM GLAD THIS BROODING BEHEMOTH IS ON OUR SIDE.

ANOTHER BEAST--? IT ALMOST RINGS A BELL--BUT I CAN'T PIN IT DOWN....!
SEEMS LIKE I CAN ALMOST REMEMBER MASTERMIND AND THE OTHERS TOO.
WHY CAN'T I THINK?

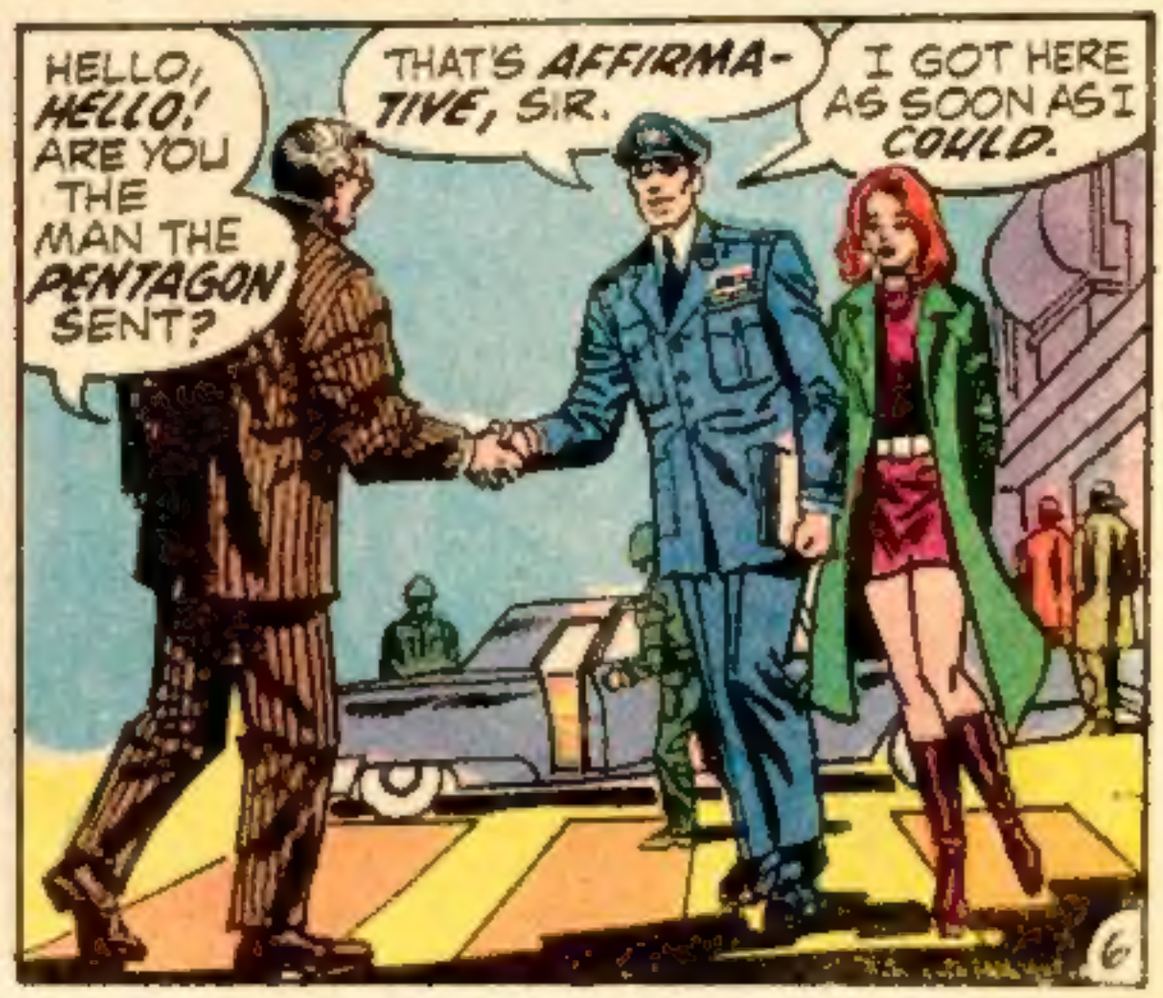

MY MEMORY-- I CAN ALMOST TOUCH IT, IT'S SO CLOSE.
BUT "ALMOST" ONLY COUNTS IN HORSE-SHOES--

AND THIS IS A SOMEWHAT ...BIGGER GAME!

THE EARTH SPINS ON AND THE SUN COMES UP AGAIN. A NEW DAY FINDS THE BRAND CORPORATION BUSTLING WITH ACTIVITY EVEN A SUPER-SECRET THINK TANK HARDLY EVER SEES.
GUARDS ON ALL GATES HAVE BEEN DOUBLED--AND THEN TRIPLED. RIFLES ARE STANDARD EQUIPMENT, AND ALL PASSES ARE STUDIED AND CHECKED...
BRAND
CORPORATION
NO ADMITTA

NOW PASSING THROUGH THE GATES ARE TWO NEW MEMBERS OF OUR SMALL CAST OF CHARACTERS--TWO PEOPLE DESTINED BY FATE (OR MAYBE STAINLESS STEVE) TO PLAY CRUCIAL ROLES IN THE BEAST'S LIFE...
YOUR PAPERS ARE IN ORDER, SIR. SORRY FOR THE DELAY.
THAT'S OKAY, SPECIALIST. CARRY ON.
MP

GOLLY, BUZZ, IT'S SO FUTURISTIC-LOOKING. I WONDER IF THEY HAVE AN OFFICERS'-WIVES CLUB.
I'M SURE THEY DO, HONEY. THEY'LL HAVE EVERY-THING YOU NEED TO KEEP BUSY.
MORNING, PRIVATE. IS THIS THE WAY TO MR. GRANT'S OFFICE?
YES, SIR!


HELLO, HELLO! ARE YOU THE MAN THE PENTAGON SENT?
THAT'S AFFIRMA-TIVE, SIR.
I GOT HERE AS SOON AS I COULD.

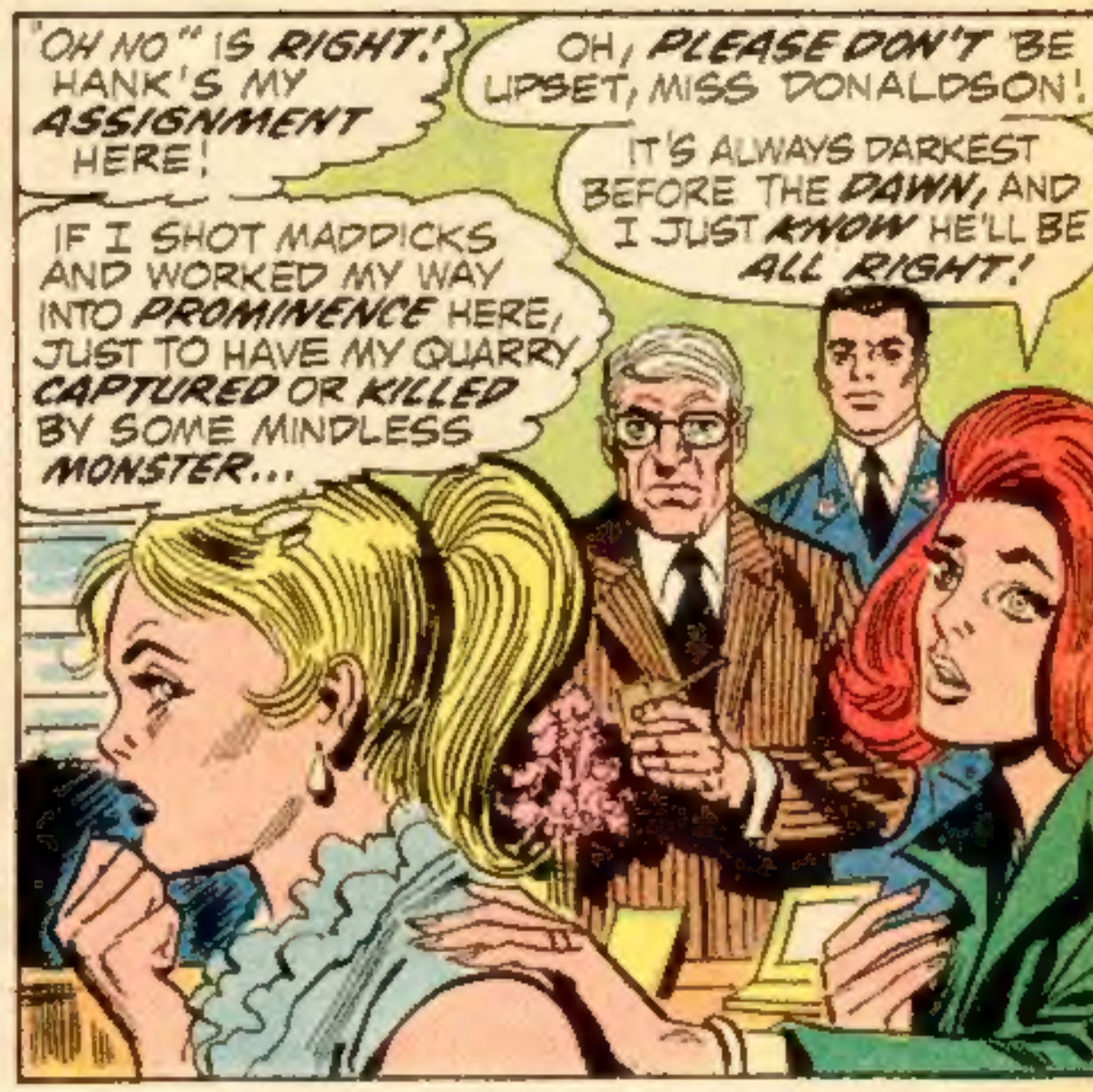
CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

WHO MIGHT KNOW WHERE McCOY IS?
WHY... I GUESS THAT WOULD BE MISS DONALDSON.
SHE'S HIS ASSISTANT-- AMONG OTHER THINGS.

MISS DONALDSON-- EXCUSE ME, BUT WE MUST TALK TO YOU.
THIS IS CAPTAIN BAXTER OF AIR FORCE SECURITY.

LINDA'S MOUTH DRIES... HER THROAT CONSTRICTS... AND THEN THE AUTOMATIC RESPONSES TAKE OVER...
IT'S ABOUT MR. McCOY, MISS...
UH... YES, SIR?

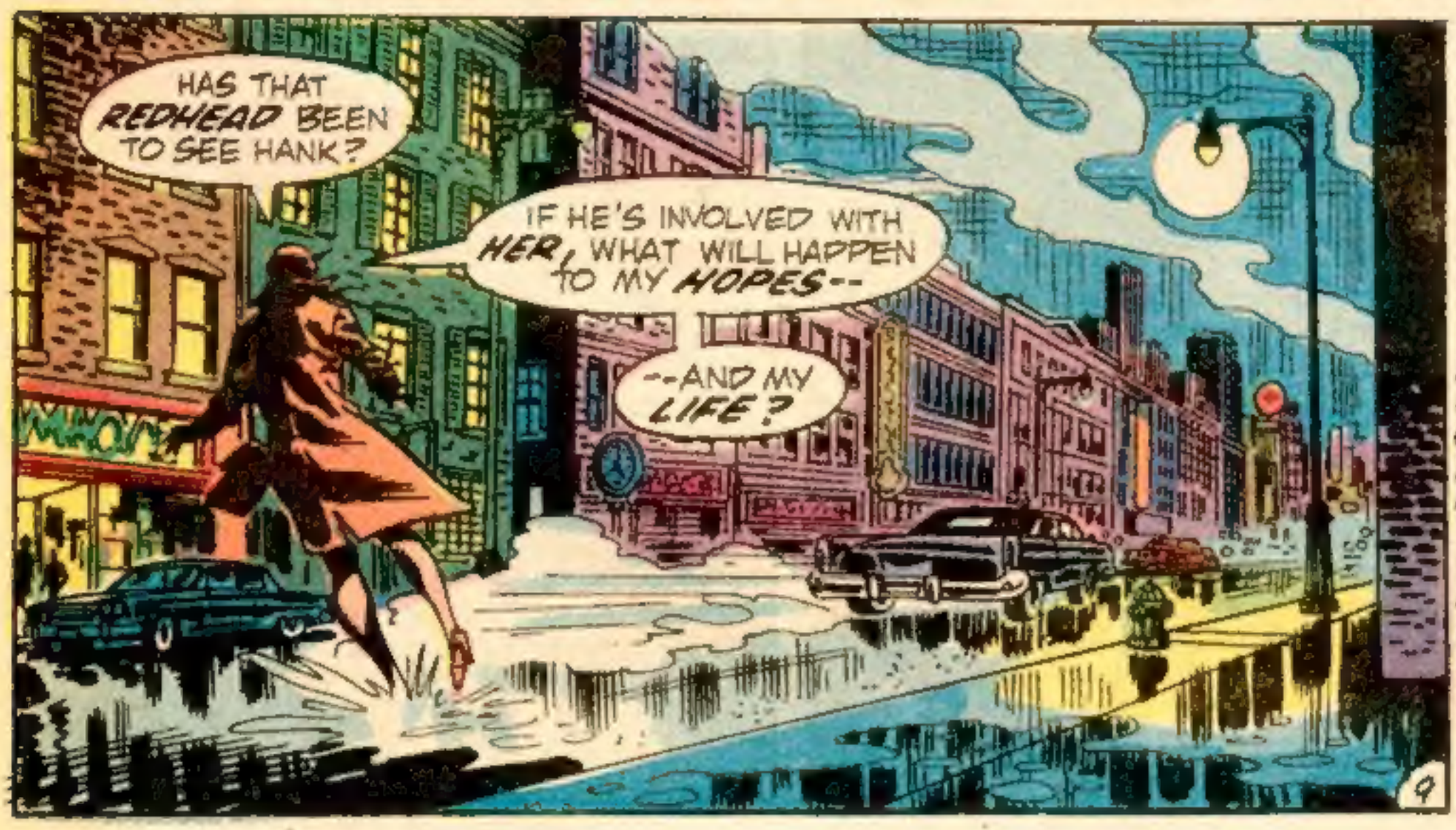
HIS PROJECT SEEMS SOMEHOW TIED IN WITH THE BEAST.
FIRST THAT MONSTER KILLED PROFESSOR MADDICKS, AND NOW McCOY HIMSELF IS MISSING--POSSIBLY KIDNAPPED, OR--
--OR KILLED?! OH, NO!! NOT HANK--!!


"OH NO" IS RIGHT! HANK'S MY ASSIGNMENT HERE!
OH, PLEASE DON'T BE UPSET, MISS DONALDSON!
IT'S ALWAYS DARKEST BEFORE THE DAWN, AND I JUST KNOW HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT!
IF I SHOT MADDICKS AND WORKED MY WAY INTO PROMINENCE HERE, JUST TO HAVE MY QUARRY CAPTURED OR KILLED BY SOME MINDLESS MONSTER...

MISS DONALDSON, DO YOU KNOW WHERE MR. McCOY IS?
NO--NO I DON'T. HE MAKES HIS OWN HOURS.

CAPTAIN BAXTER, THIS COULD BE VERY SERIOUS! WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT IF THERE IS ESPIONAGE IN MY PLANT!
YOU MOST CERTAINLY DO NOT, YOU OLD CLOWN!

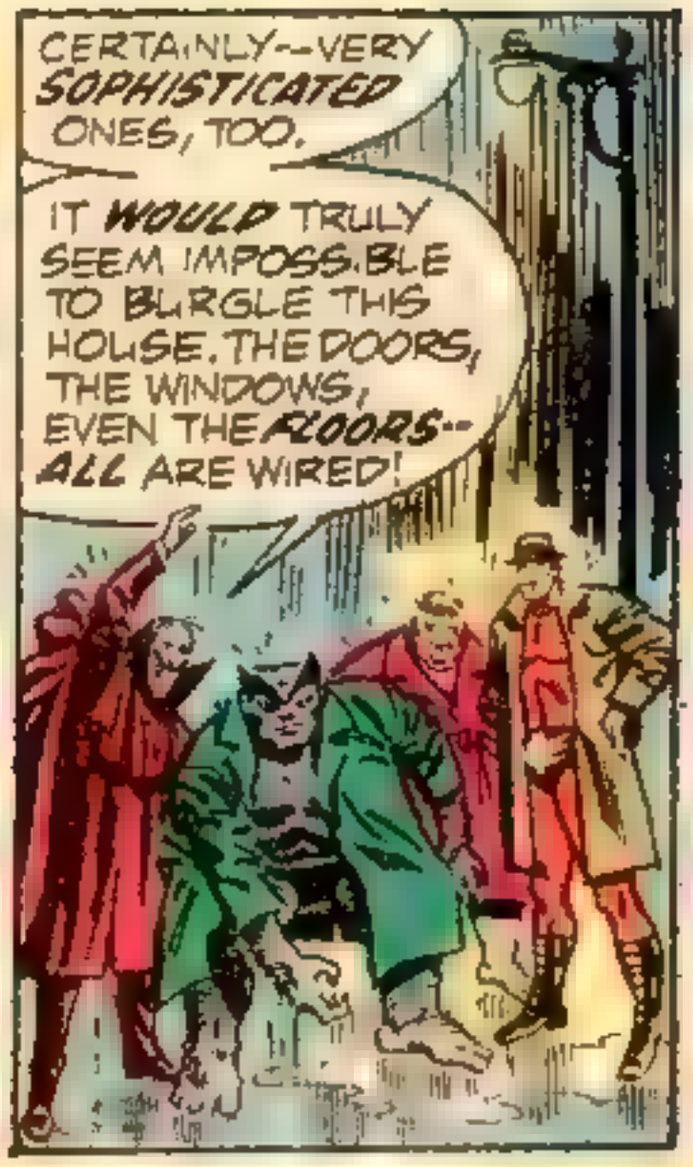
I'LL GET RIGHT OVER TO McCOY'S APARTMENT, SIR, IF YOU'LL GET ME THE ADDRESS.
THANK YOU-- AND PLEASE HURRY!

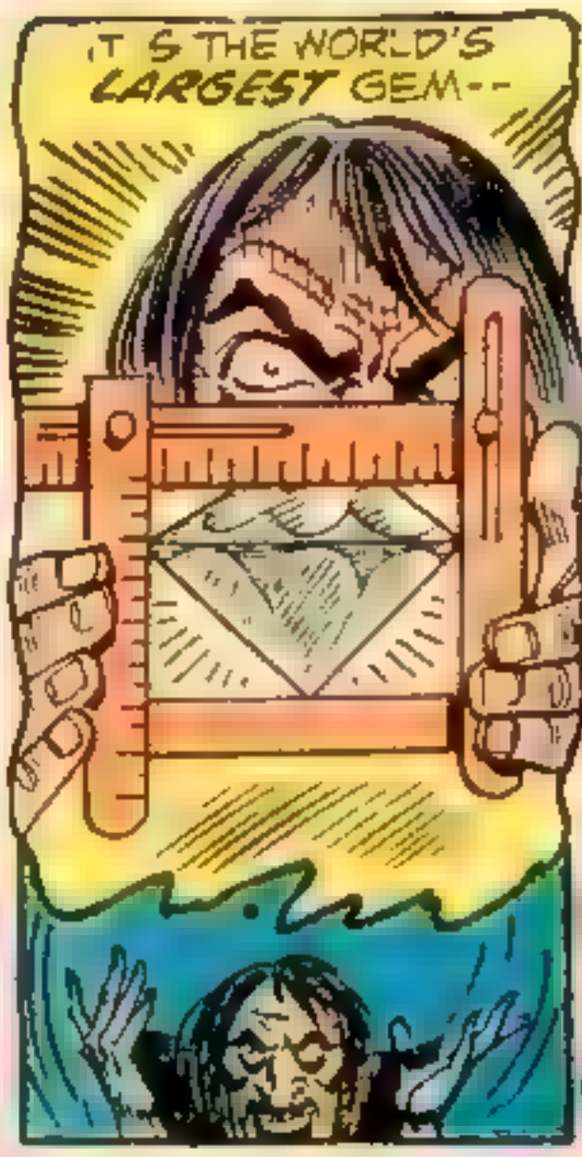


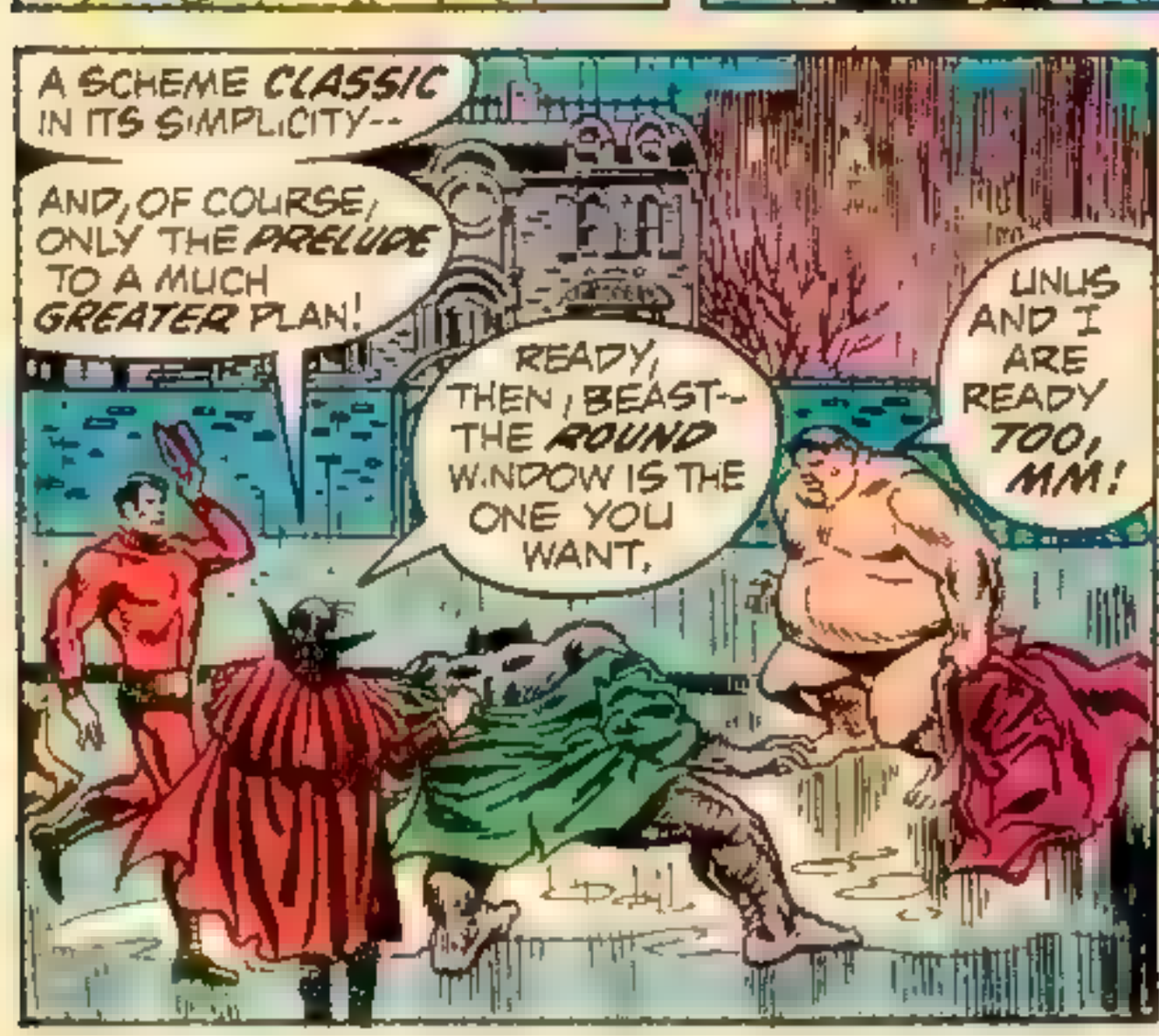
WHAT INDEED? WHO IS THIS STRANGE GIRL-- AND WHAT IS HER INTEREST IN OUR HERO?

WELL, SHE MIGHT BE CAROLE KING, OR INDIRA GHANDI, OR YOUR SISTER-- BUT SHE'S PROBABLY NOT.

WE LEAVE THAT MYSTERY FOR YOU TO PONDER-- BECAUSE WE HAVE OTHER THINGS TO DO RIGHT NOW...







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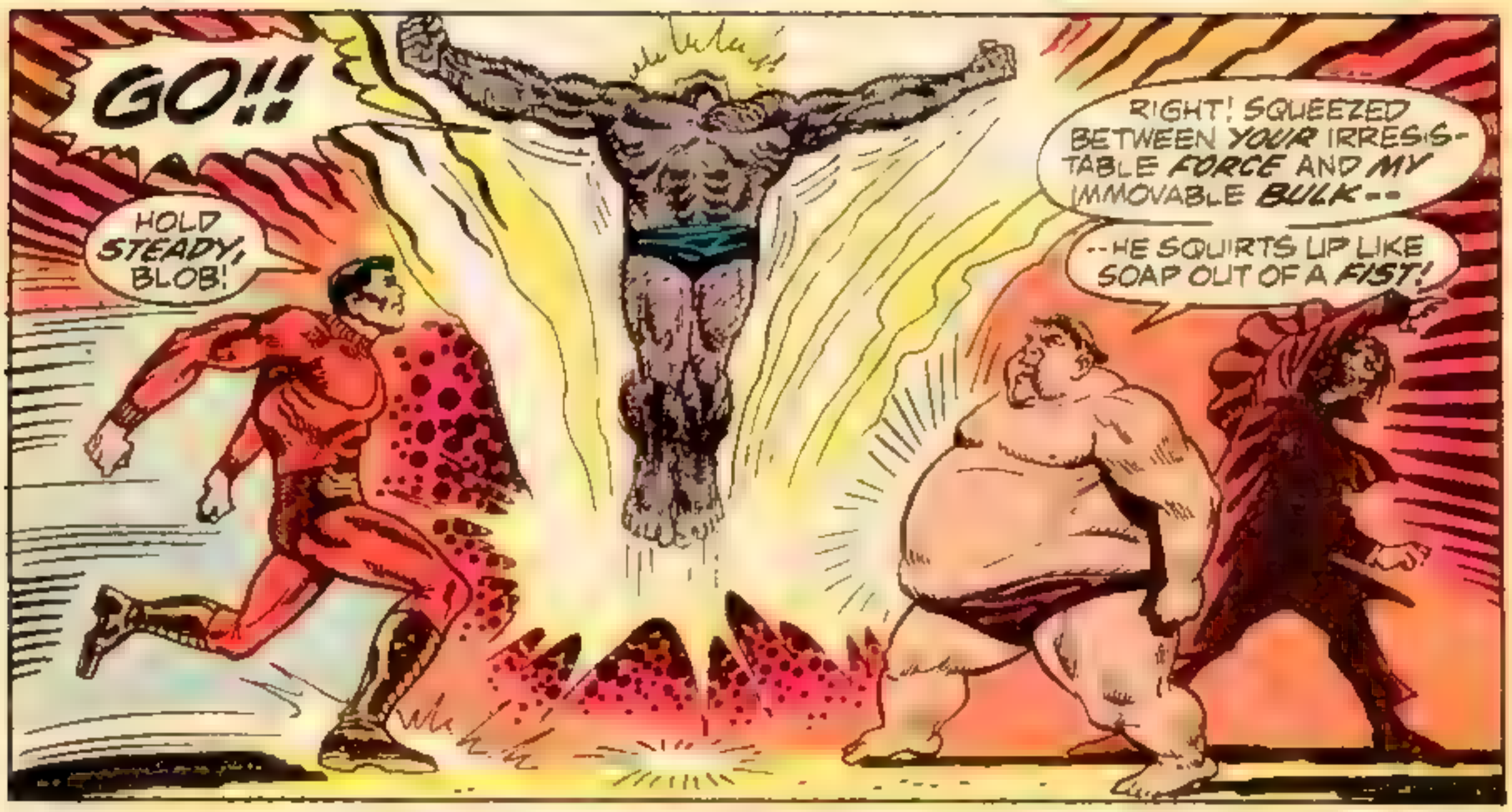
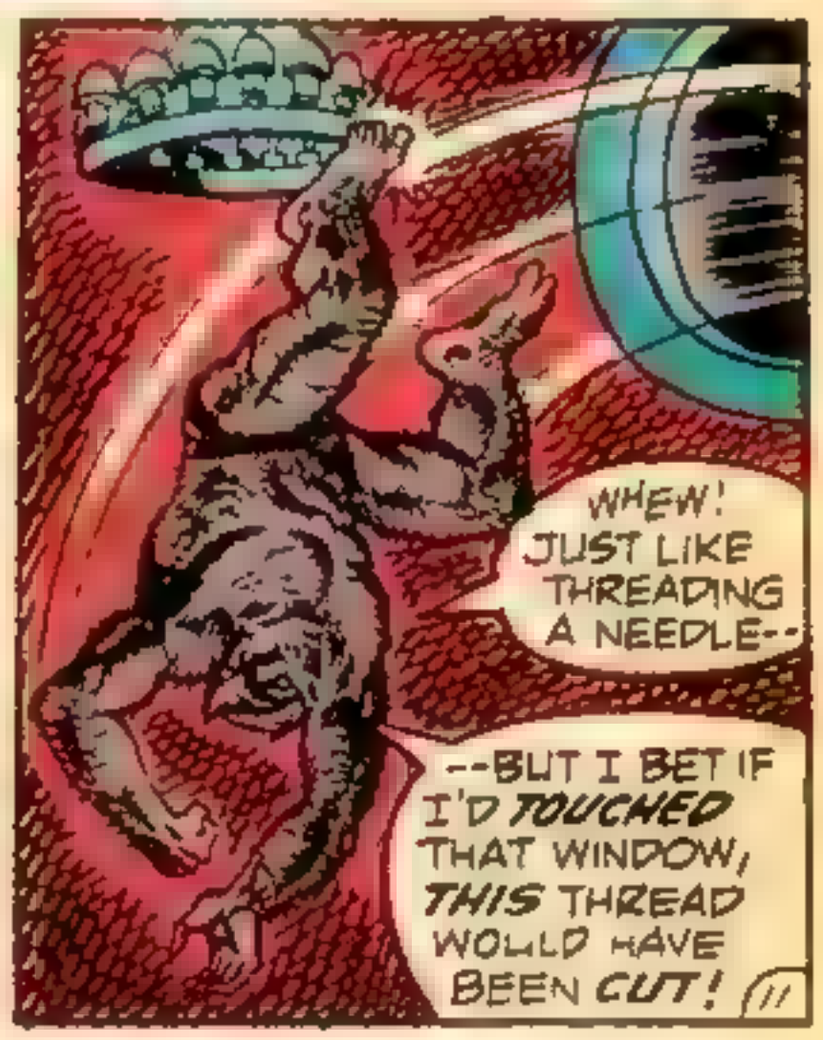

GO!!
HOLD STEADY, BLOB!
RIGHT! SQUEEZED BETWEEN YOUR IRRESISTABLE FORCE AND MY IMMOVABLE BULK--
--HE SQUIRTS UP LIKE SOAP OUT OF A FIST!

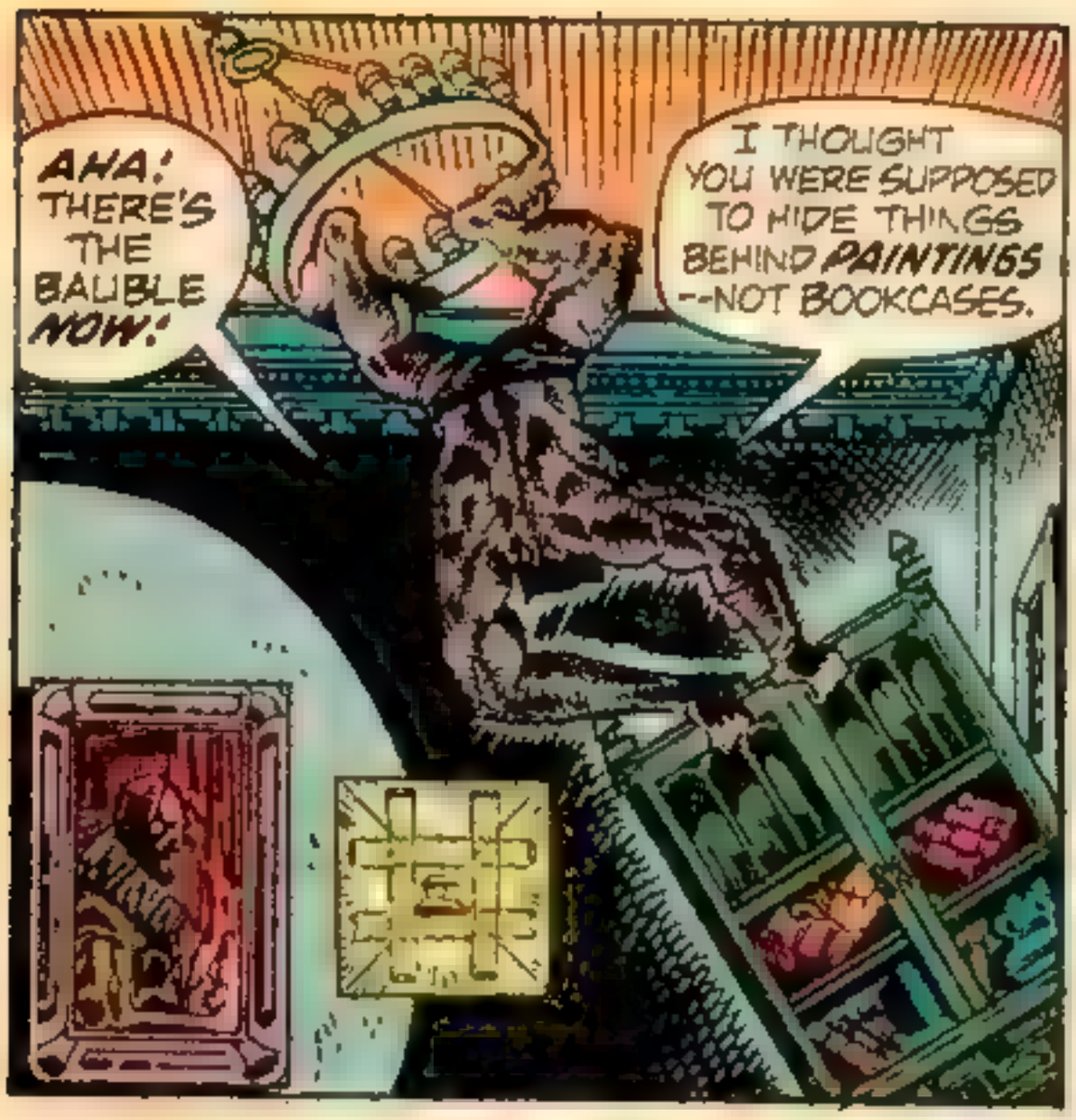
TREMENDOUS! STANDING ON A BUSY NEW YORK STREET--
--AND WE REMAIN UNSEEN, DUE TO MY POWER!

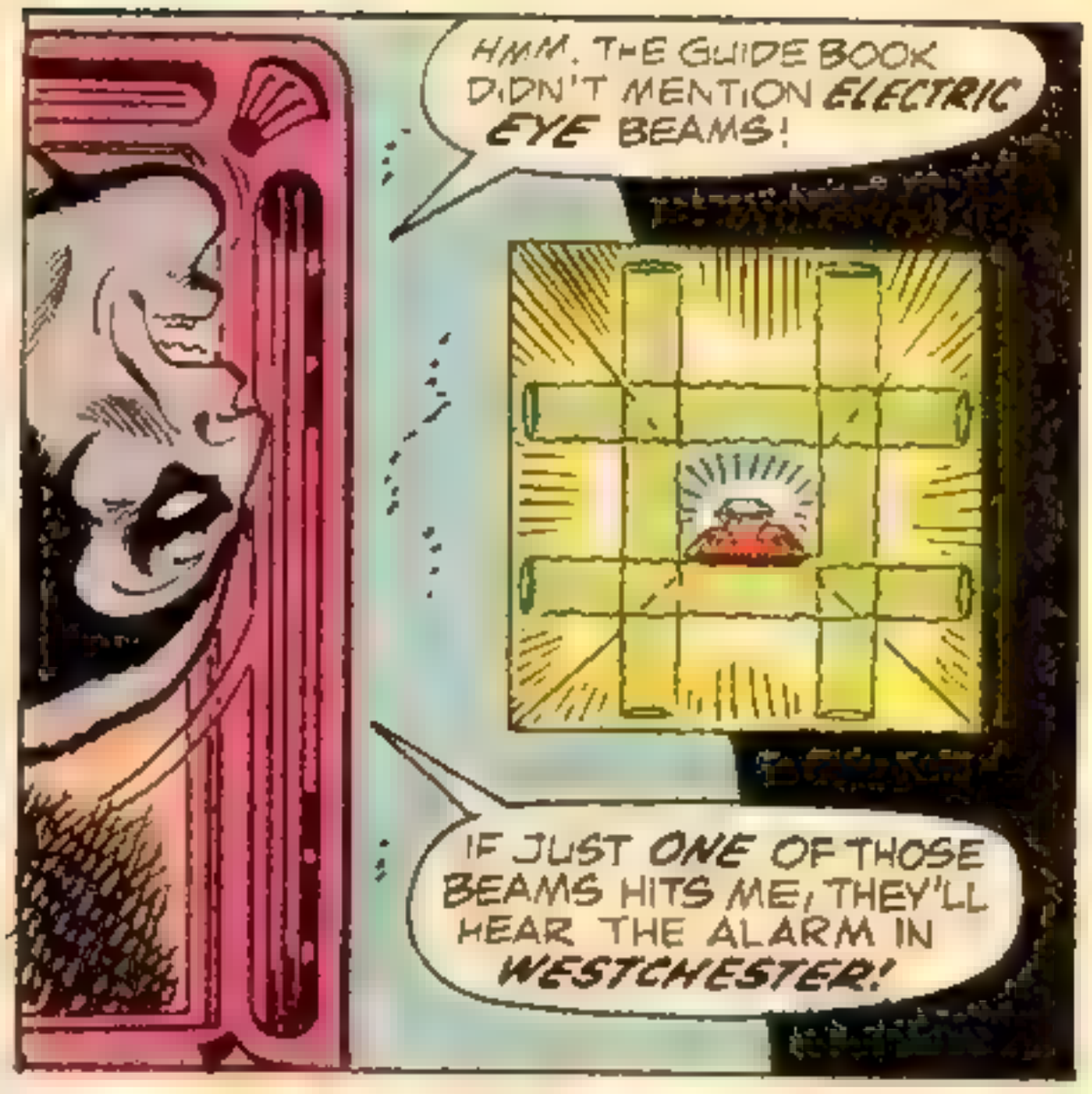
THE BUM'S FALLING!
NO! LOOK! HE'S BUILDING MOMENTUM, FOR HIS LEAP ACROSS THE ROAD!

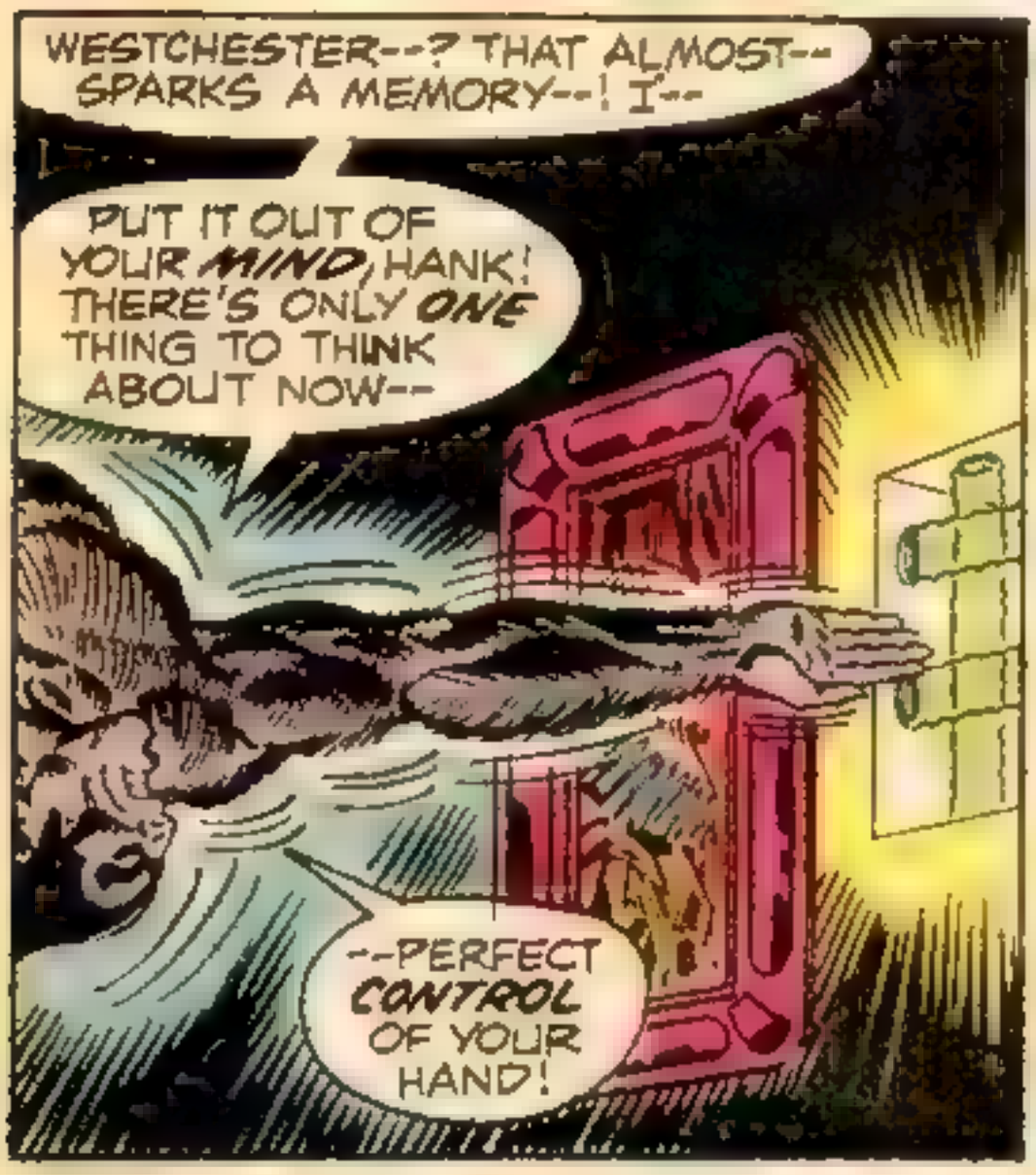
BUT THAT'S FIFTY FEET! HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!

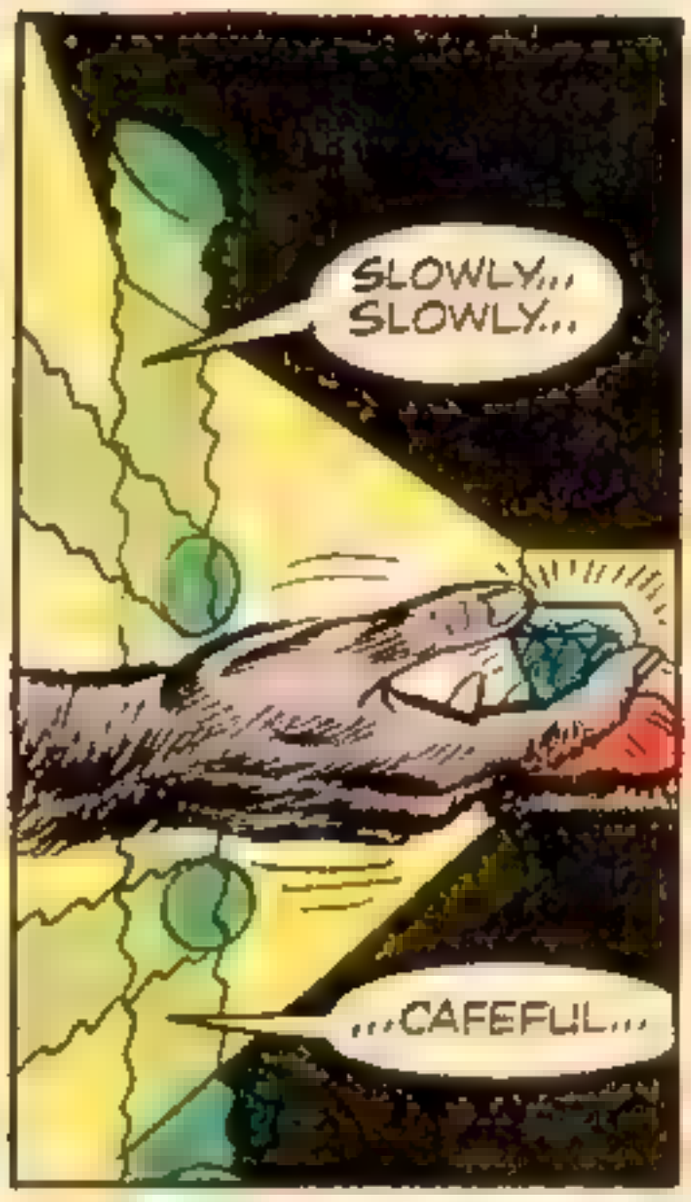
HOLY COW! HE DID IT!
AMAZING! TRULY AMAZING!
HE'S FREAKIN' FANTASTIC!

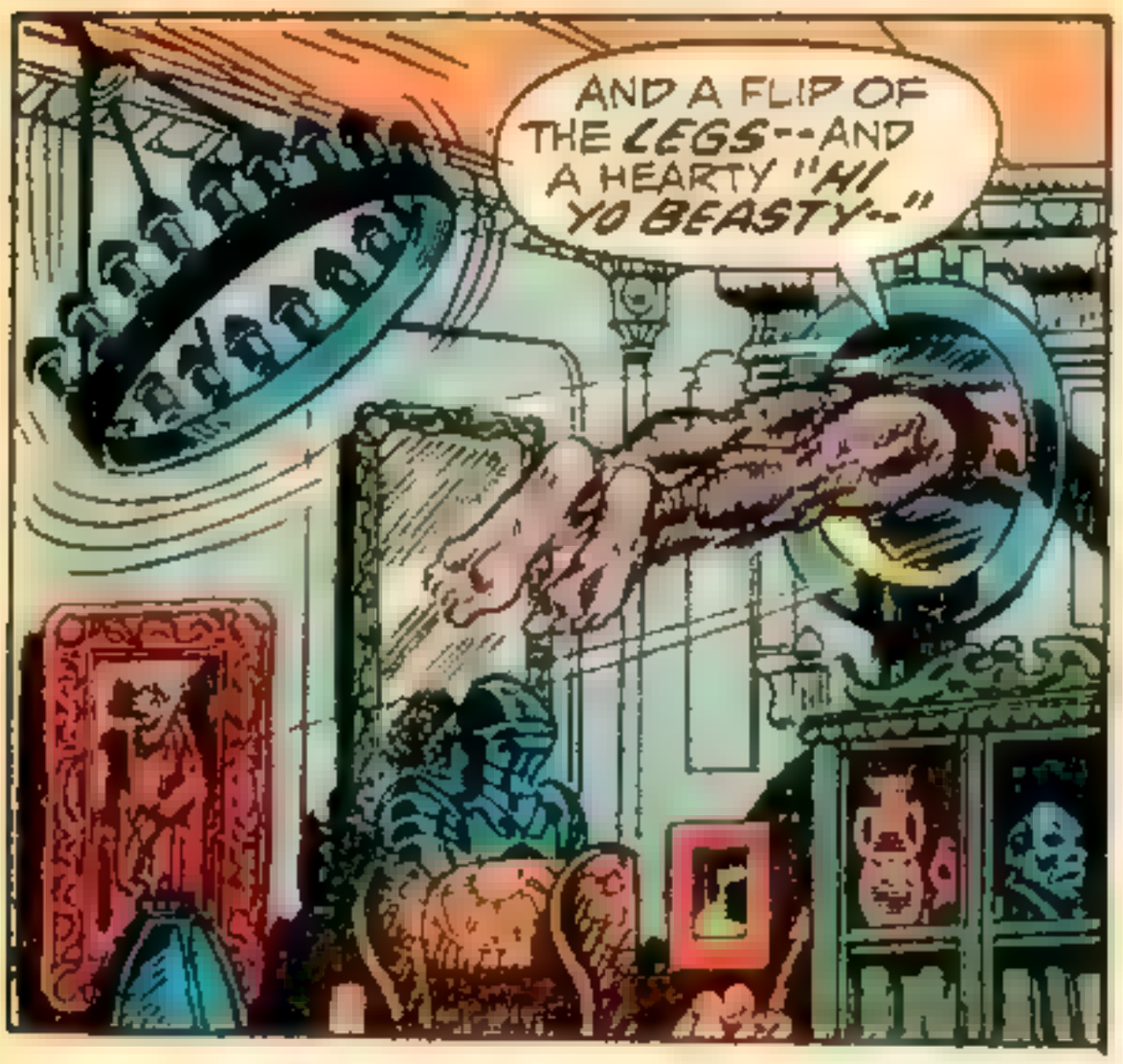

WHEW! JUST LIKE THREADING A NEEDLE--
--BUT I BET IF I'D TOUCHED THAT WINDOW, THIS THREAD WOULD HAVE BEEN CUT!

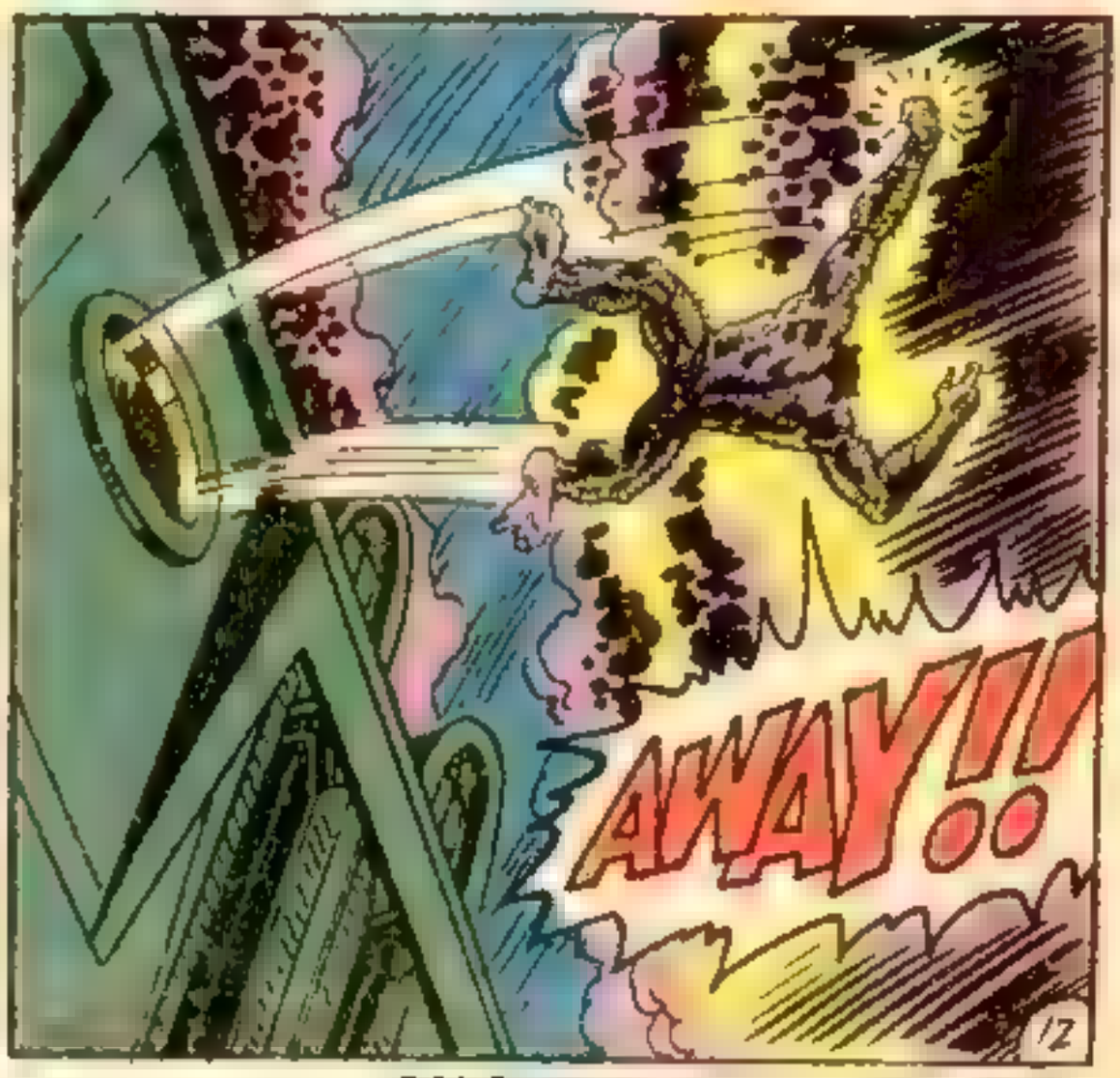












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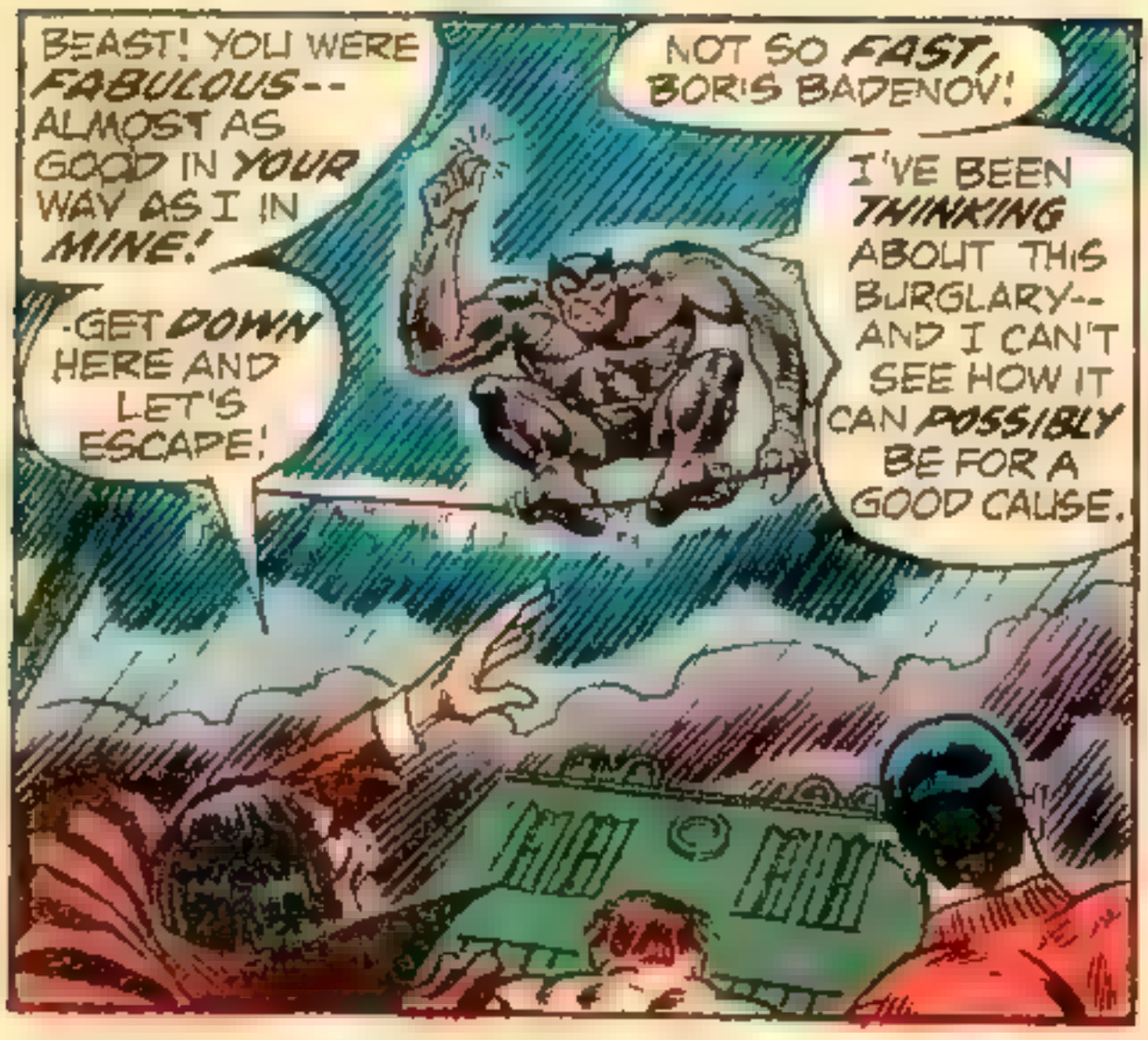
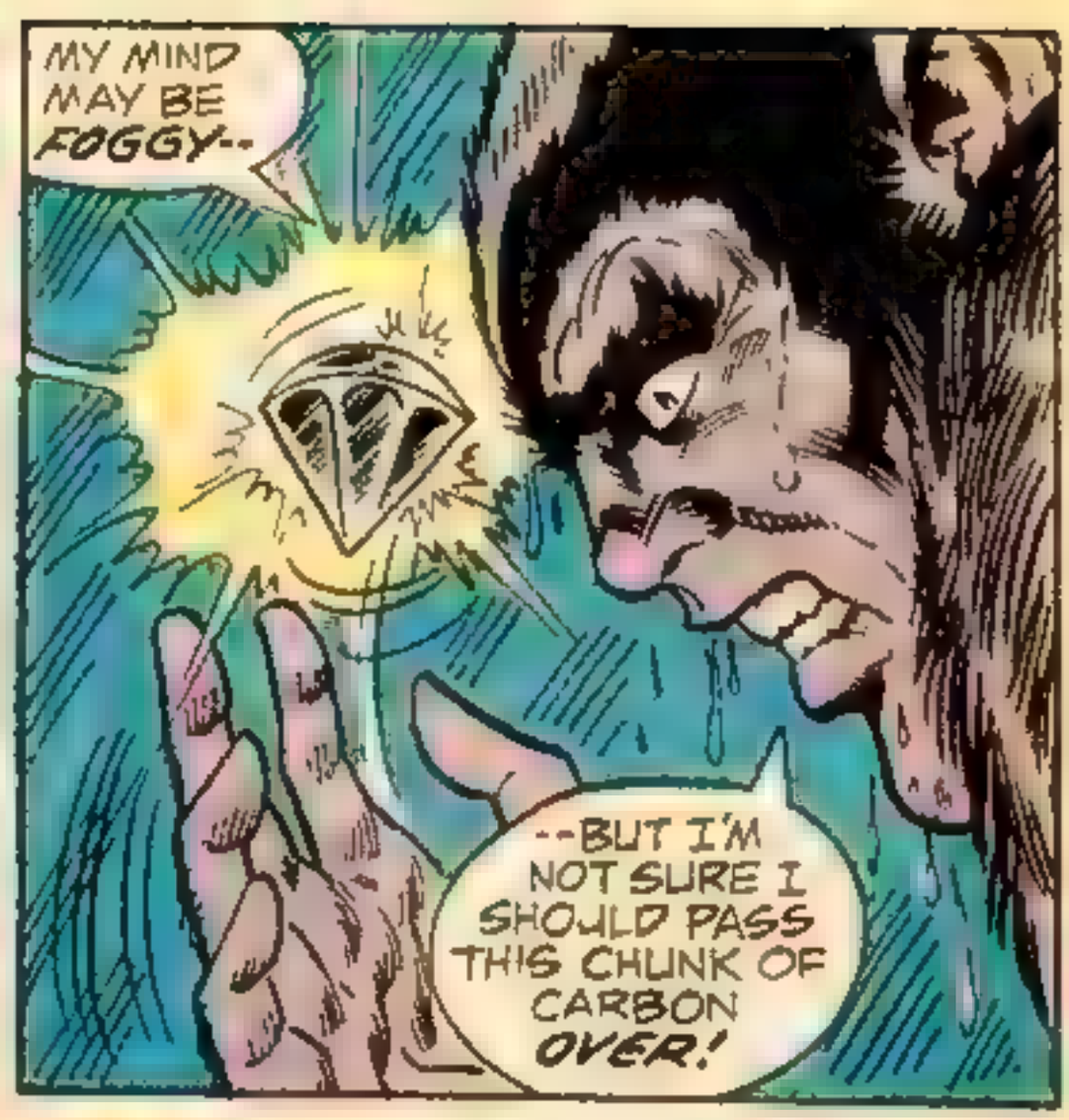
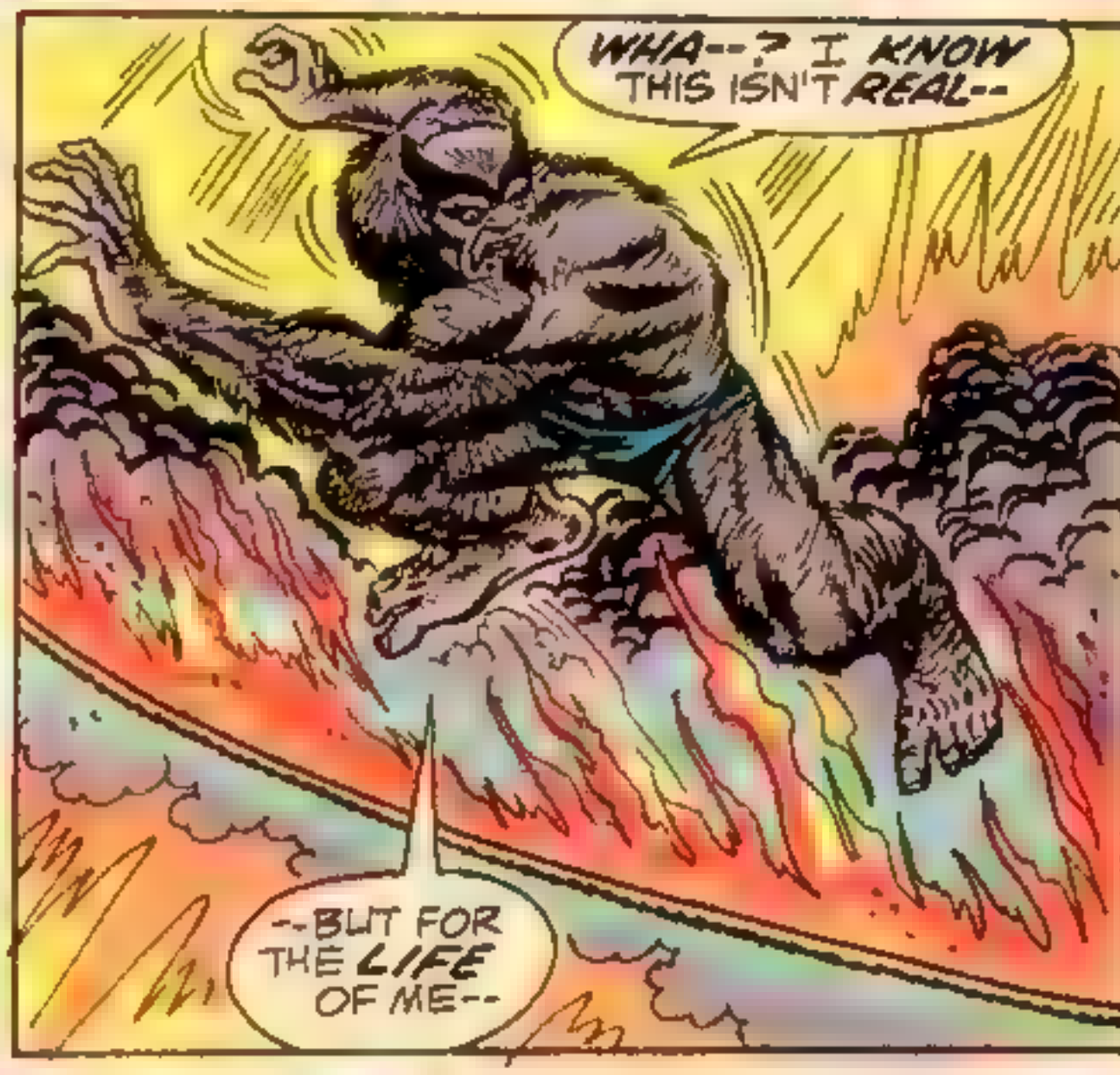

BEAST! YOU WERE FABULOUS-- ALMOST AS GOOD IN YOUR WAY AS I IN MINE!
NOT SO FAST, BORIS BADENOV!
-GET DOWN HERE AND LET'S ESCAPE!
I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT THIS BURGLARY-- AND I CAN'T SEE HOW IT CAN POSSIBLY BE FOR A GOOD CAUSE.

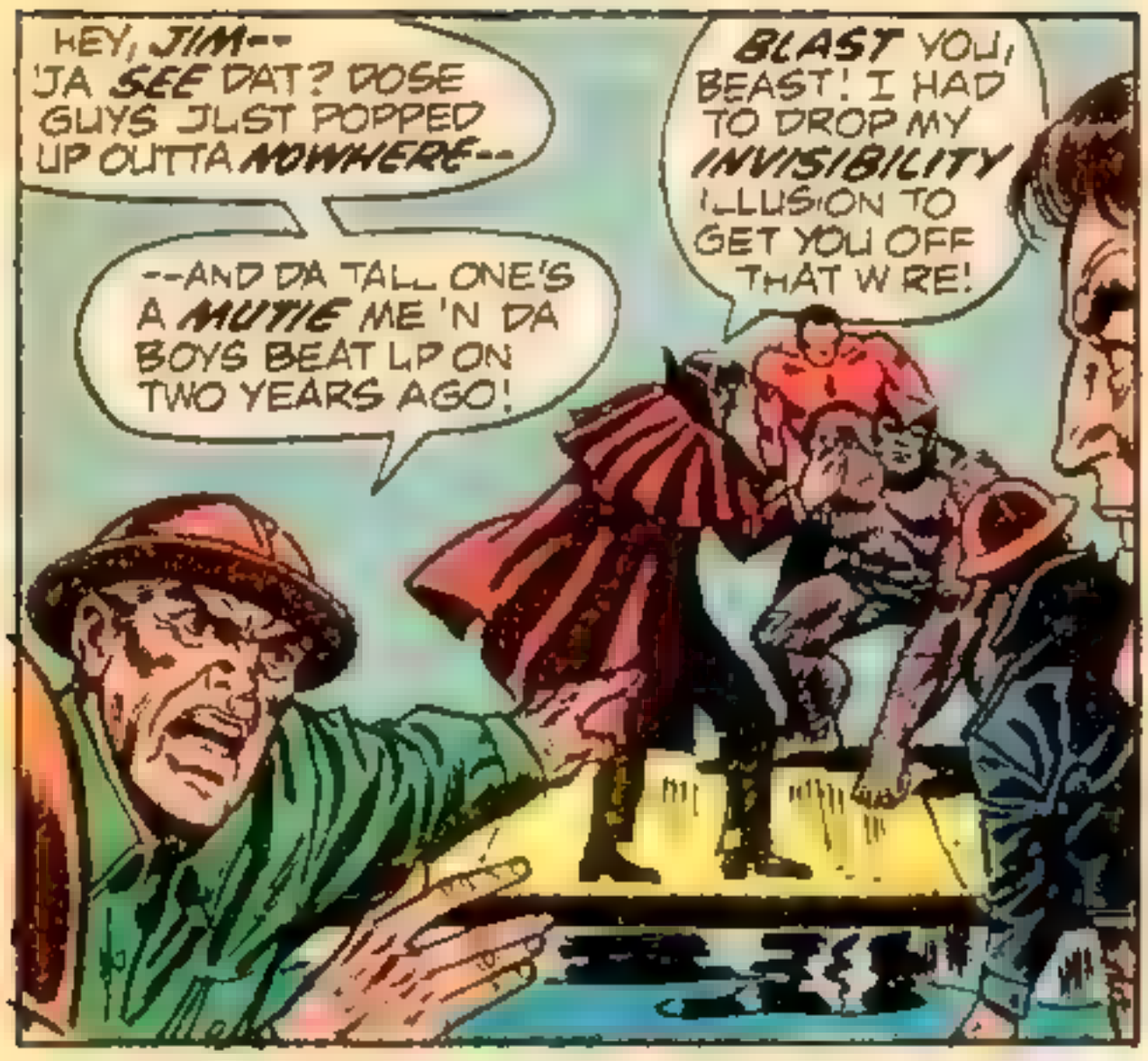

MY MIND MAY BE FOGGY--
--BUT I'M NOT SURE I SHOULD PASS THIS CHUNK OF CARBON OVER!

WELL, I AM!


WHA--? I KNOW THIS ISN'T REAL--
--BUT FOR THE LIFE OF ME--

--I BELIEVE IT!
HEY--WATCH THE PUDDLES!
THESE TRUNKS AREN'T A BATHING SUIT!
SPLASH

HERE! TAKE YOUR GIANT JEWEL AND CHOKE ON IT!
CALMLY, BEAST--ELSE YOU PUSH ME TOO FAR!
ME--HE ALREADY HAS! I'M NOT PLAYING SECOND-BANANA TO THIS FOUL-UP ANY MORE!
I'M GONNA POUND--



OH, AND ONE OTHER--

--ONE YOU'LL REMEMBER LONGER--MUCH LONGER-- THAN US POOR SOULS!

OH--MY-- DEAR--LORD!

WHERE D IT COME FROM?

WHO GIVES A LICK? RUN!

--AND FOUR FLEEING MUTANTS MEET NO RESISTANCE AS THEY ESCAPE INTO THE RAIN.

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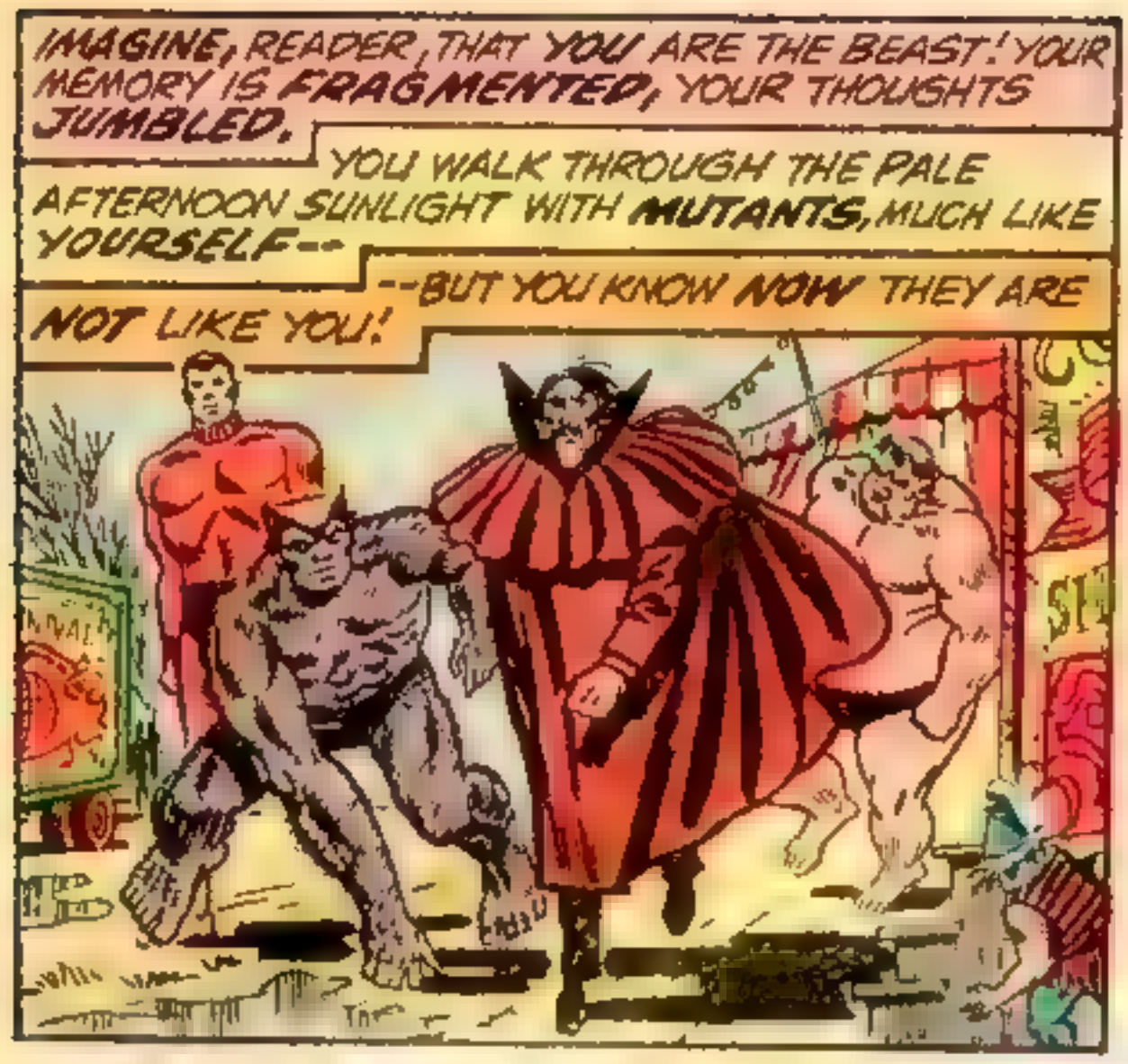
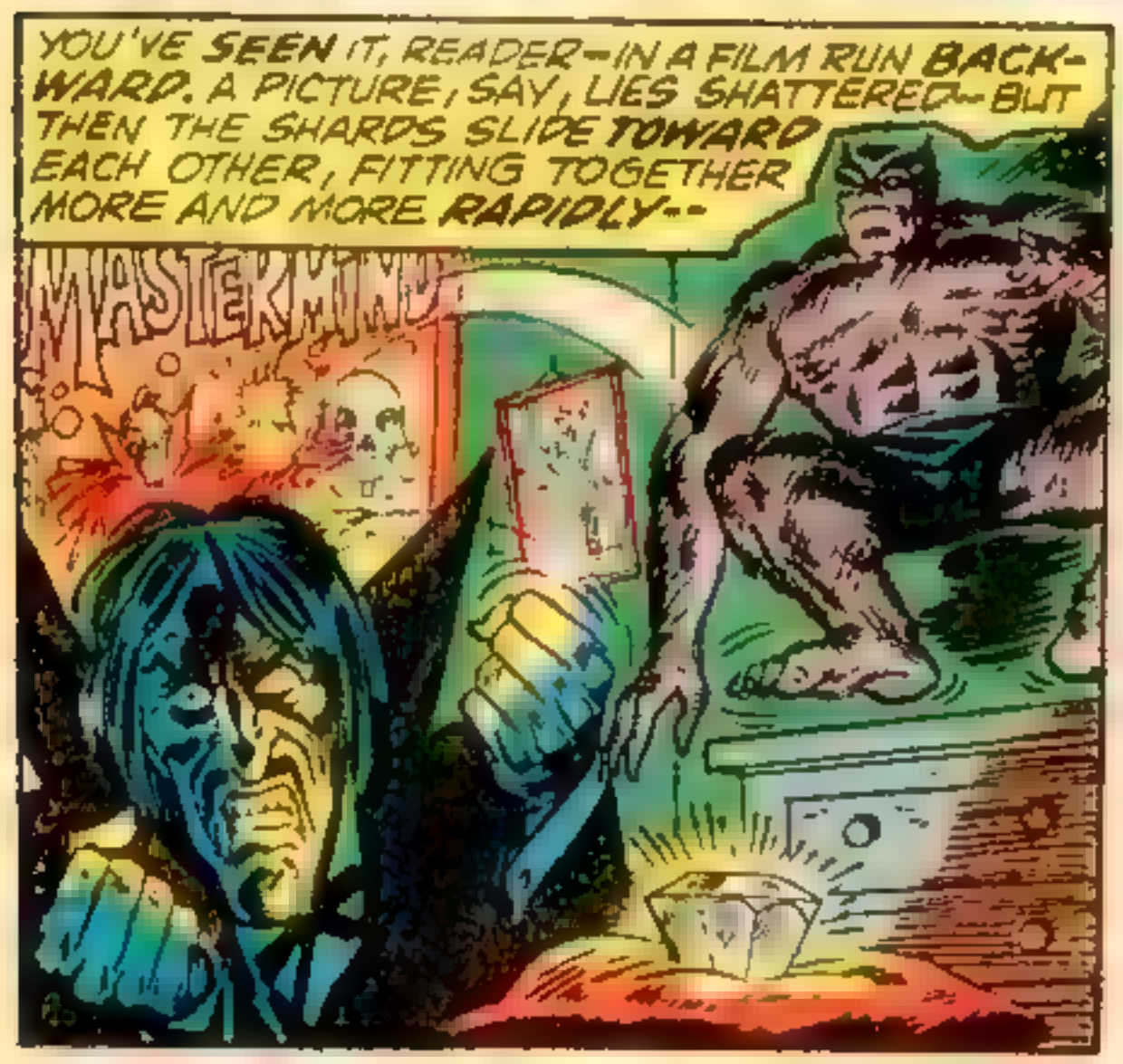
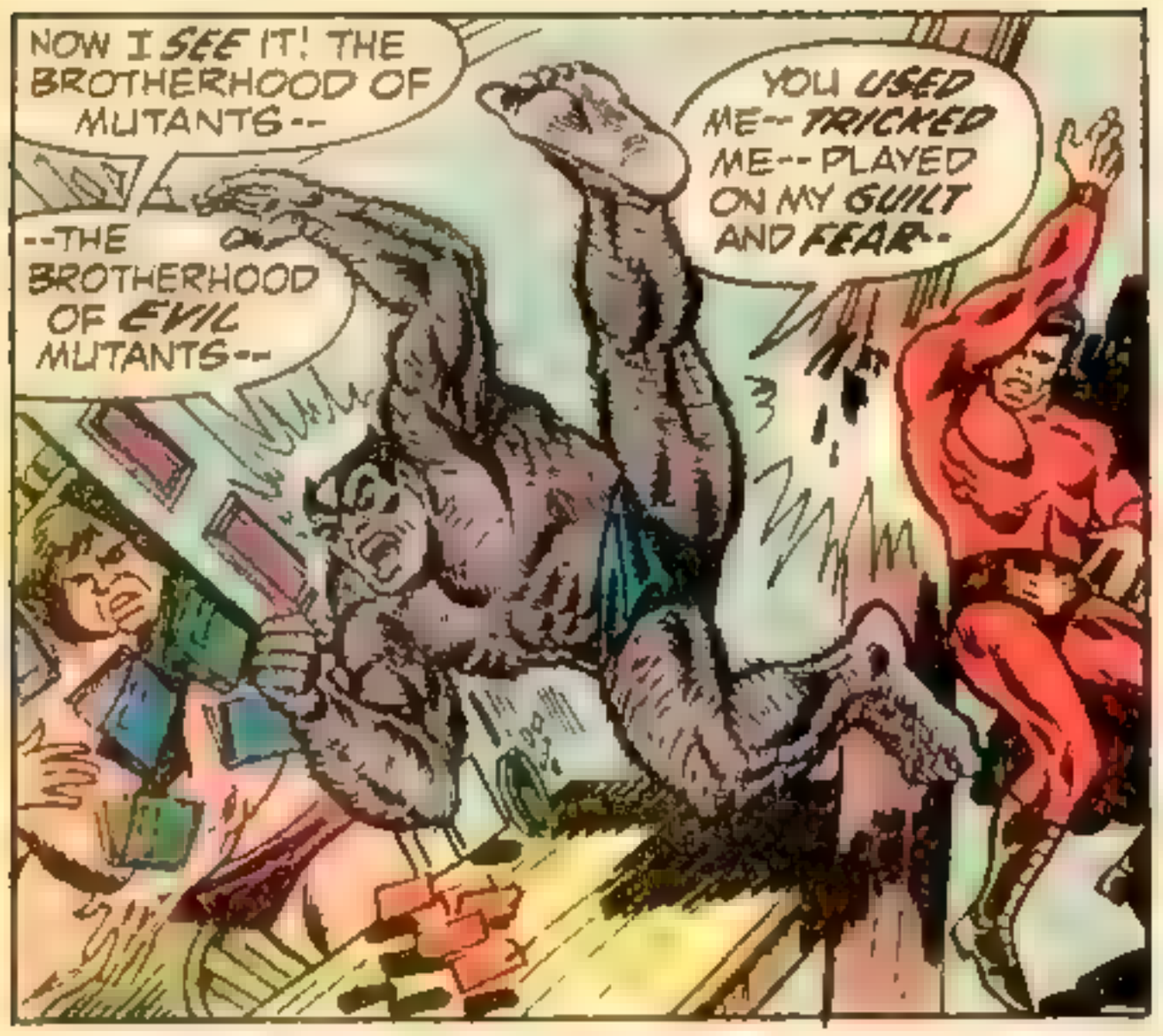

IMAGINE, READER, THAT YOU ARE THE BEAST! YOUR MEMORY IS FRAGMENTED, YOUR THOUGHTS JUMBLED.
YOU WALK THROUGH THE PALE AFTERNOON SUNLIGHT WITH MUTANTS, MUCH LIKE YOURSELF--
--BUT YOU KNOW NOW THEY ARE NOT LIKE YOU!

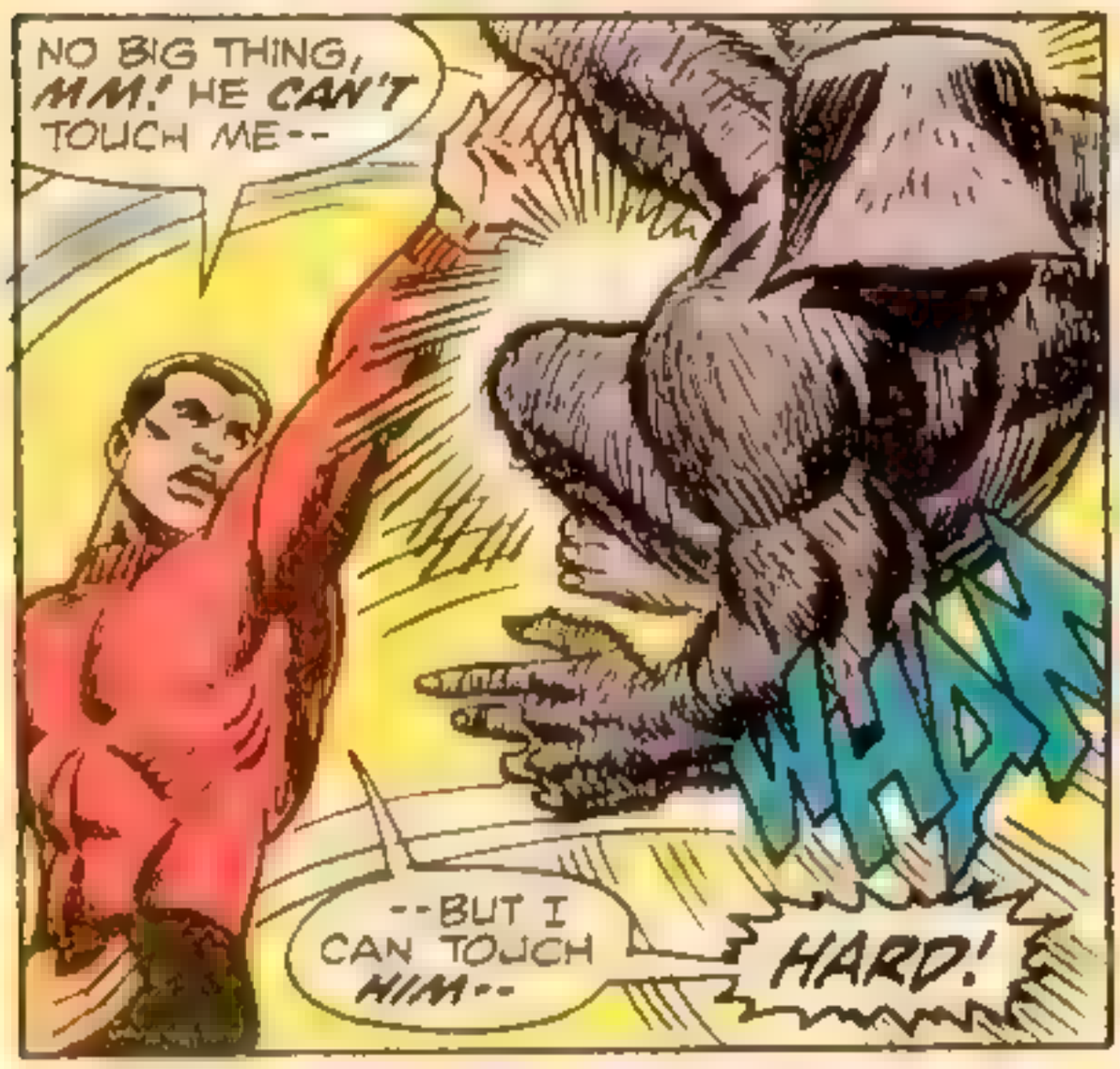
MASTERMIND BEGINS TO SPEAK OMINOUSLY OF HIS MASTER PLAN, BUT YOUR ATTENTION TURNS INWARD. YOU REACH, GROPE, STRAIN FOR MEMORY--CLEAR, BLESSED MEMORY.

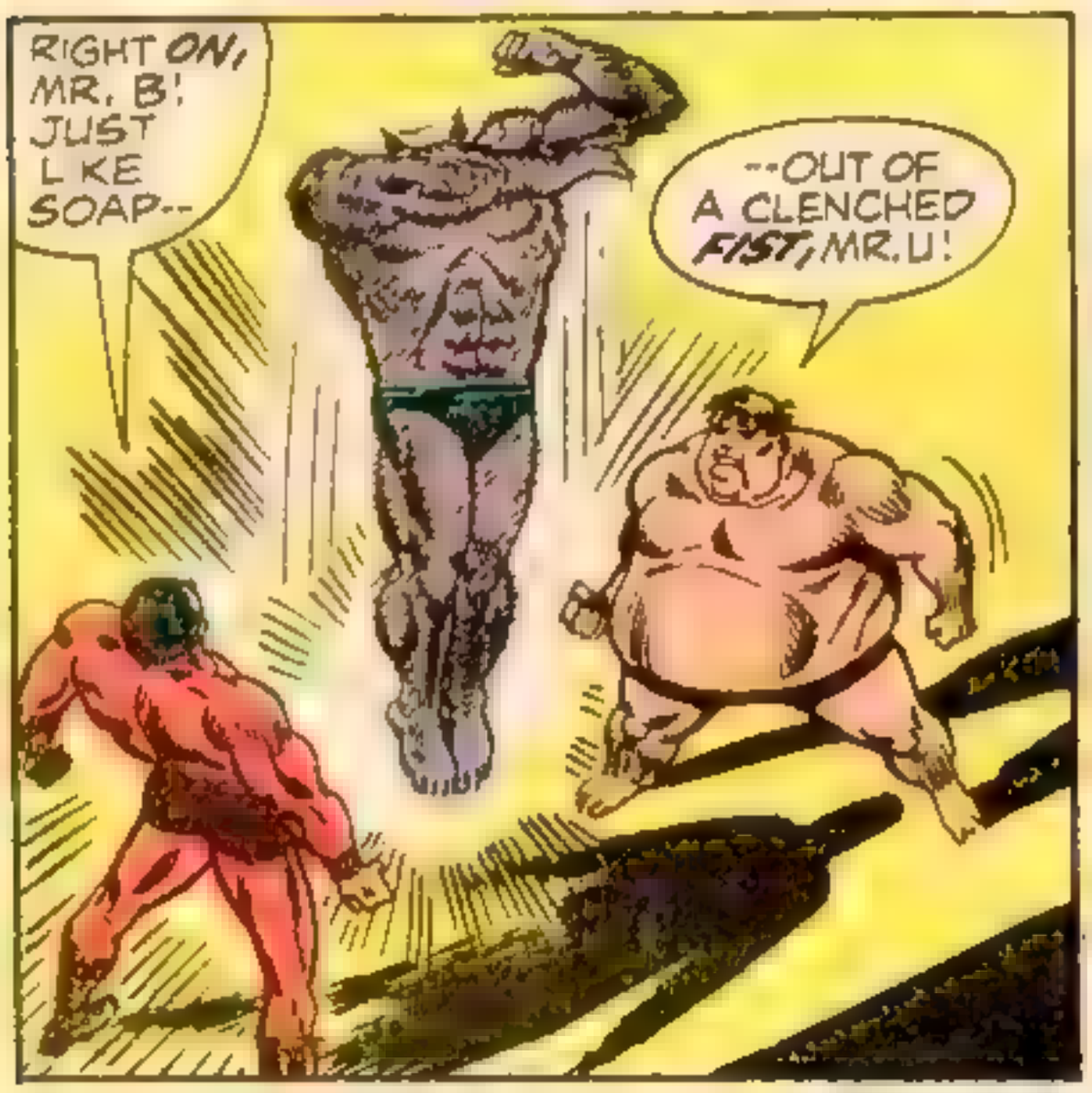

YOU'VE SEEN IT, READER--IN A FILM RUN BACKWARD. A PICTURE, SAY, LIES SHATTERED--BUT THEN THE SHARDS SLIDE TOWARD EACH OTHER, FITTING TOGETHER MORE AND MORE RAPIDLY--
MASTERMIND

--UNTIL THE PICTURE IS WHOLE--
--AND IT SHOWS YOUR SOUL--
--AND YOU KNOW!

--AND YOU STRIKE!
SNARKK







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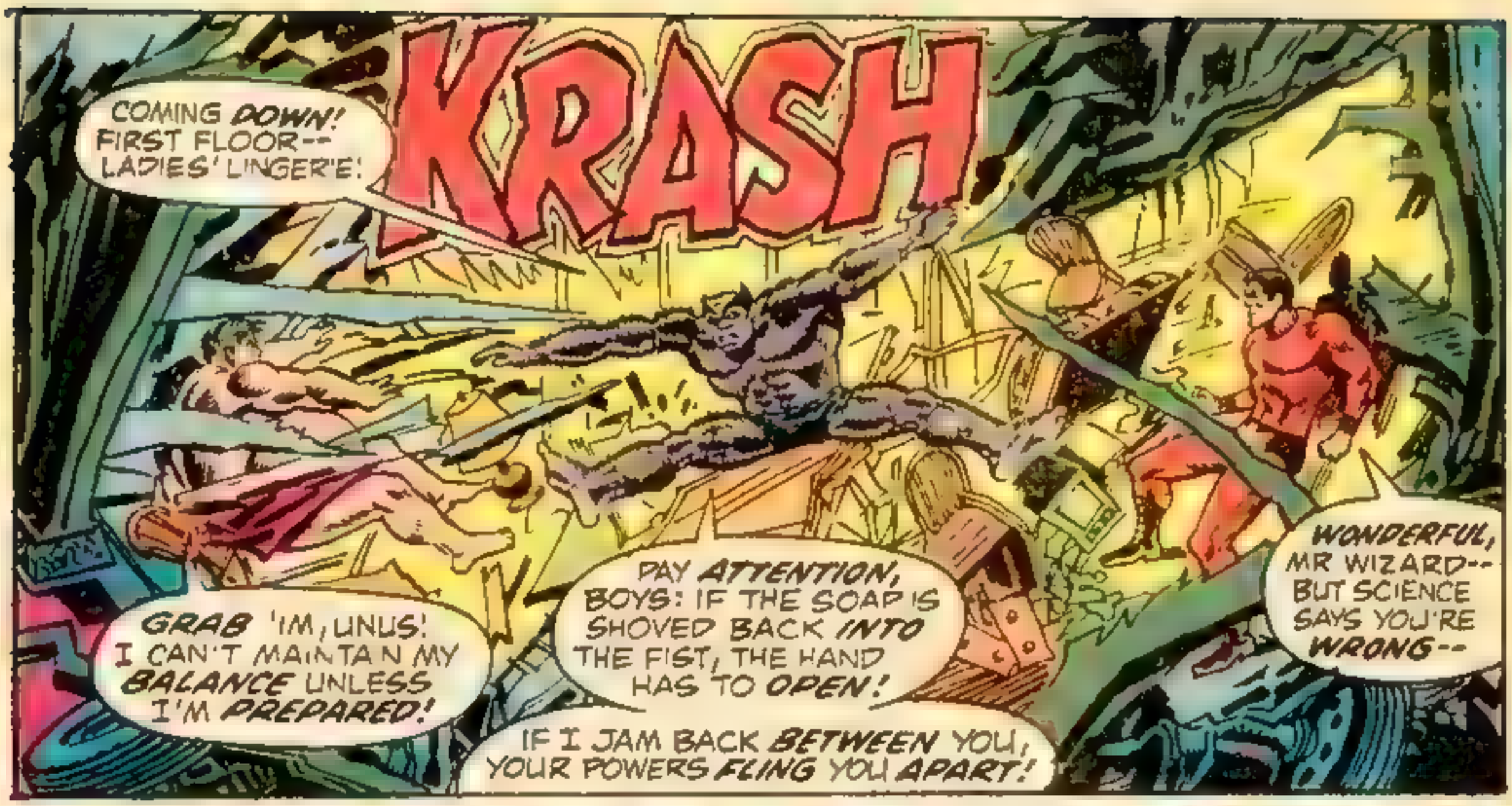
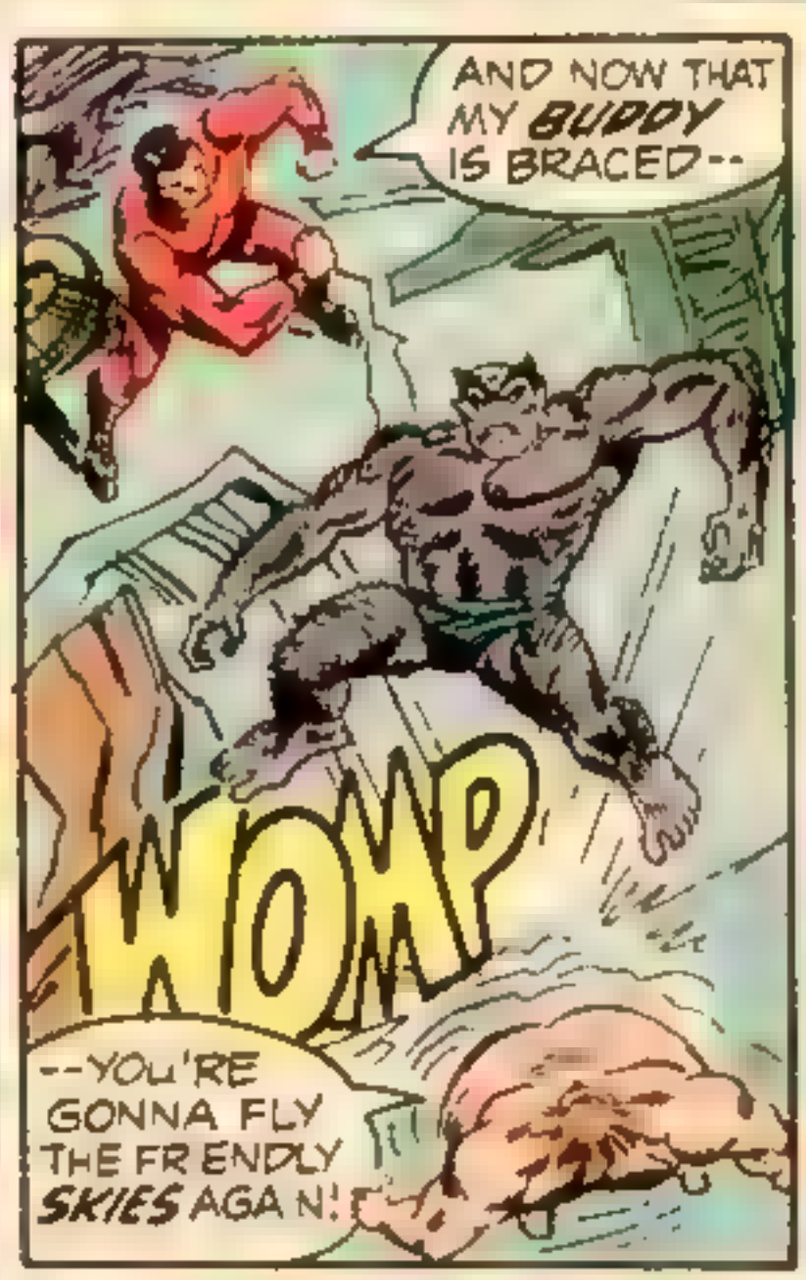
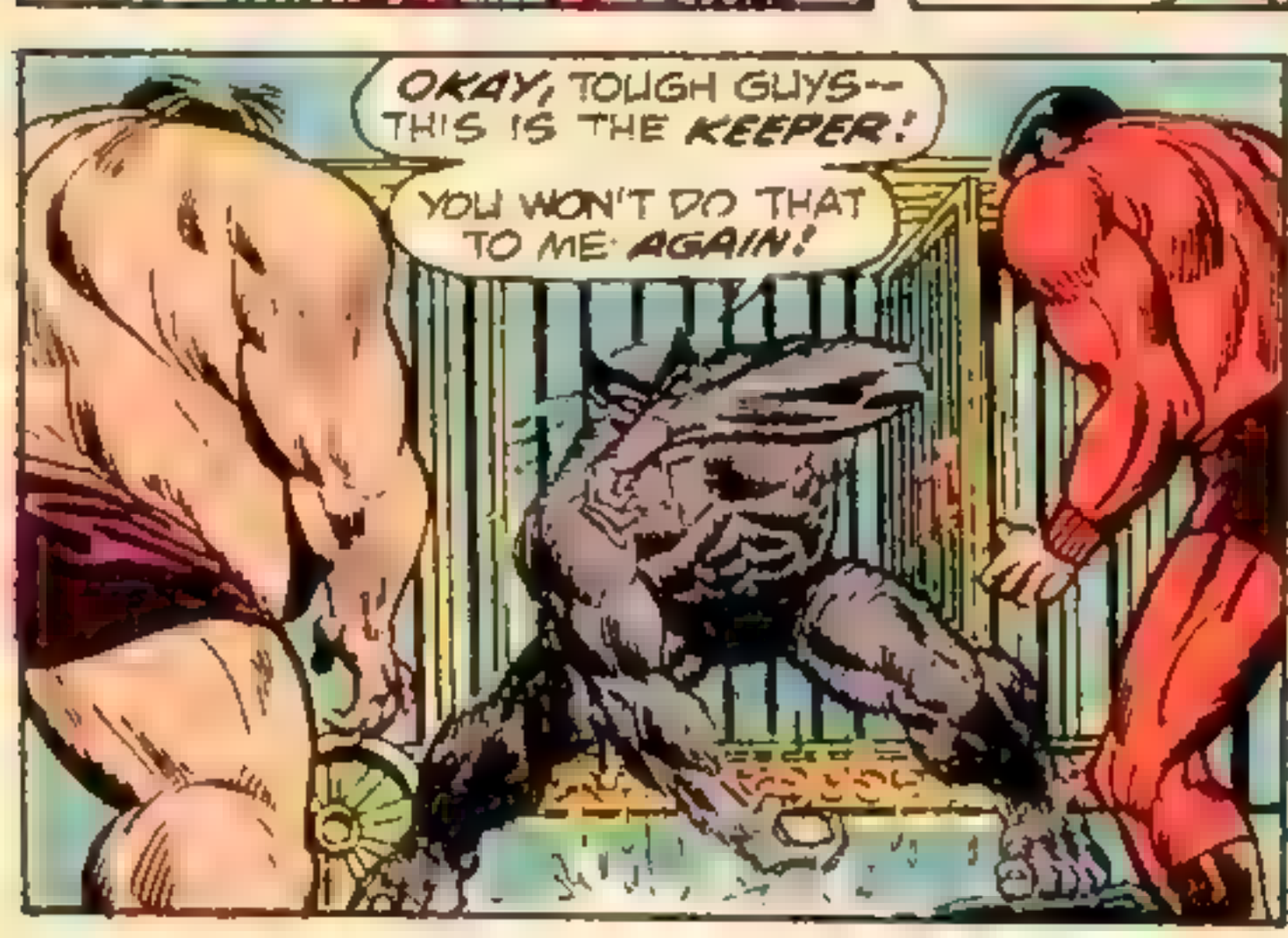

KRASH
COMING DOWN! FIRST FLOOR-- LADIES' LINGER'E!
GRAB 'IM, UNUS! I CAN'T MAINTAIN MY BALANCE UNLESS I'M PREPARED!
PAY ATTENTION, BOYS: IF THE SOAP IS SHOVED BACK INTO THE FIST, THE HAND HAS TO OPEN!
IF I JAM BACK BETWEEN YOU, YOUR POWERS FLING YOU APART!
WONDERFUL, MR WIZARD-- BUT SCIENCE SAYS YOU'RE WRONG--

--IF YOU THINK THE SOAP IS MIGHTIER THAN THE FIST!
KRUMPP


AND NOW THAT MY BUDDY IS BRACED--
WOMP
--YOU'RE GONNA FLY THE FRENDLY SKIES AGAIN!

MR. B--I THINK WE'D BETTER CALL THE ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE!
SLOP


OKAY, TOUGH GUYS-- THIS IS THE KEEPER!
YOU WON'T DO THAT TO ME AGAIN!

HEY! HE'S RUNNIN' AWAY!

WATCH HIM, BLOB--HE'S TRICKY!

HIM? NAH, HE'S JUST STUPID--THERE'S NO ROOM IN THIS LITTLE CAGE!

JUMP HIM!

SOUNDS FAR TO ME! YOU JUMP AT--AND I JUMP OVER!

HE'S LOCKIN' US IN!

ENJOY YOUR STAY, BOYS!

SLAM!

I'LL TEAR--HEY, WATCH IT!

I'M NOT BRACED--YOU KNOCKED ME OVER!

WELL, GET OUT OF THE WAY! YOU MADE ME BOUNCE OFF YOU!

LION

UNUS! THERE'S NO ROOM IN HERE--I CAN'T GET ENOUGH TIME TO SET MYSELF!

I KEEP FLYIN' AWAY FROM YOUR FORCE FIELD!

AND I KEEP BOUNCING OFF THE WALLS. HAVE TO CONCENTRATE--TURN OFF MY--

--POWERRRRGH!

HE'S CONKED! AND WE'RE STILL BOUNCIN'

:UHHH:

THE BEAST STARES--HIS LOW, HAIRY BROW RAISED IN DELIGHT.

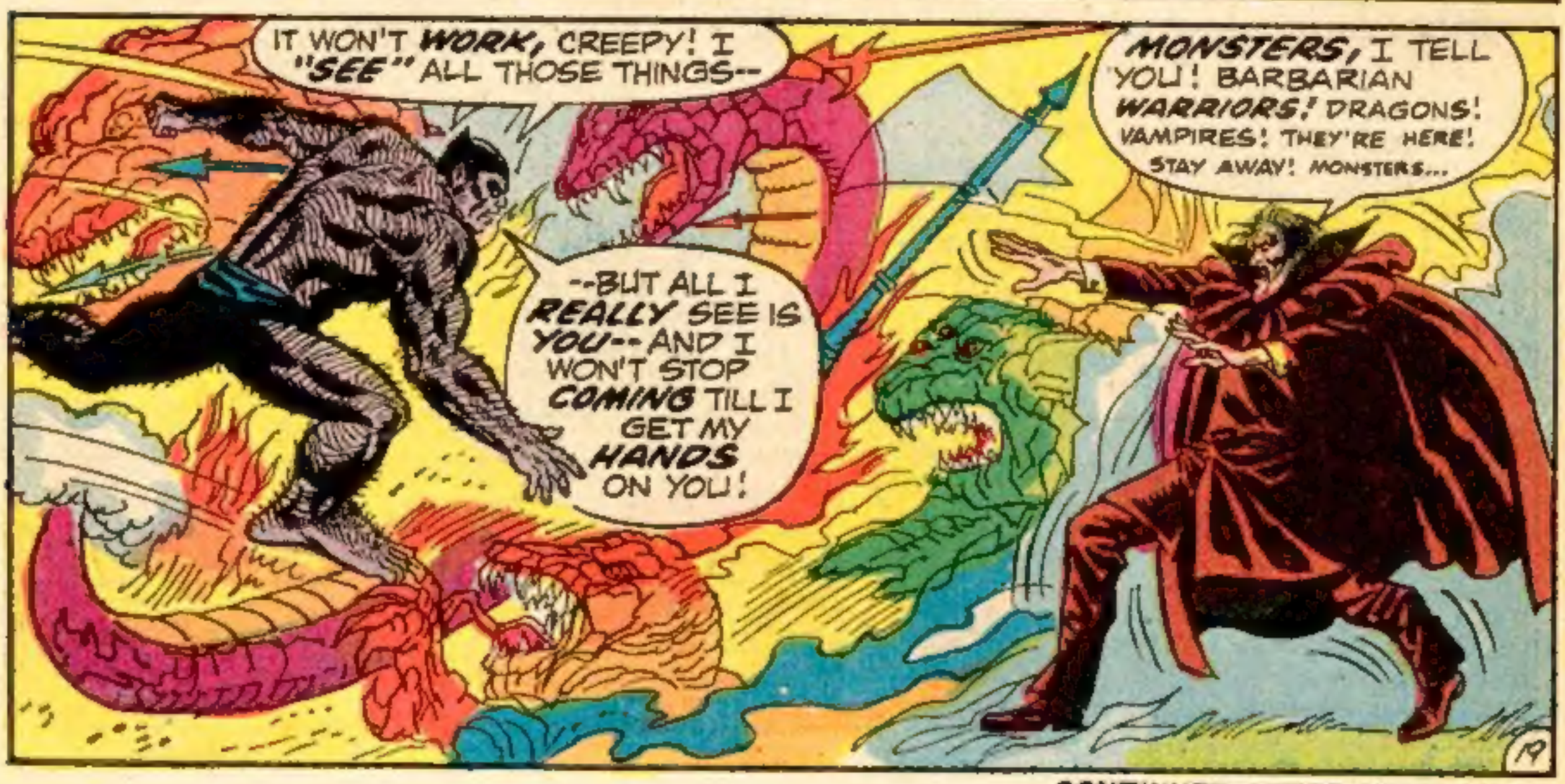
HE FEELS GOOD--AND HE KNOWS WHY. THE RAW MEAT OF BATTLE--THE HEADY WINE OF VICTORY--

--THESE ARE THE FOODS OF A BEAST!

LOOK! AN ANIMAL ESCAPING!

NO, NO, NO, NO! JUST THINK OF ME AS THE WHITE RABBIT--

--WITH A VERY IMPORTANT DATE!



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ANY MORE TRICKS, MASTERMIND?!!
20

HIS *MIND*--SNAPPED! THE STRAIN OF *LOSING*--WHEN HE WAS SO CLOSE TO *WINNING*--!

HE CAUGHT *ME* WHEN MY MIND WAS HIDING--AND TOOK *FULL* ADVANTAGE OF IT. HE PREYED ON MY *CONFUSION*--AND HE *PAID* FOR IT--IN *FULL*!

DRAGONS--REAL DRAGONS--AND BARBARIANS! ALL--ALL AROUND ME--!

HE WAS RIGHT ALL *ALONG*--THAT'S THE *SAD* THING.

HIS POWER *WAS* UNBEATABLE--BUT IT WAS POWER WIELDED BY A *FALLABLE* MAN!

IF HE'D BEEN *STRONGER*--!

VAMPIRES--OH, LORD--VAMPIRES--SWIRLING--

HELLO, *POLICE?* IF YOU TRACE THIS CALL, YOU'LL FIND THE *RAHMUR DIAMOND*--AND THE MAN BEHIND THE THEFT.

THE *OTHER* TWO ARE AT THE EPIC CARNIVAL.

WHO'S *THIS?* WHY, *OFFICER*--YOU *KNOW* CALLS LIKE THIS ARE *ALWAYS* ANONYMOUS!

GOODBYE, MASTERMIND--THEY'LL BE HERE FOR YOU *SOON*--AND I CAN'T STAY.

I WISH I COULD SAY I WAS *SORRY*--!

MONSTERS--

I'M SURROUNDED BY MONSTERS--BY DRAGONS! I *KNOW!* I AM *MASTERMIND!*

I AM THE MIND'S MASTER!

THE END

AMAZING MAILS

THE MARVEL COMICS GROUP, SECOND FLOOR 625 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y. 10022

Dear Stan and Gang,

I have recently read the latest AMAZING ADVENTURES (#11) in which you delineate a sudden change in the Beast of X-Men fame. To this I say: no, no, no, a thousand times no! In the first place, you have destroyed the cohesiveness of a very unique group of superheroes, a mutant band feared and hated by "normal" people, by sending one of its integral personalities out into the hostile world unprotected. Although Hank McCoy has superior physical and mental talents, he cannot hope to run forever (as he seems to be doing now). While he was a part of the X-Men, he was covered by the unobtrusiveness of Professor Xavier's School for Gifted Children. Now, it may be argued that a personality needs conflict in order to grow and should not be sheltered all its existence. True enough, but McCoy could have been a research biologist and an X-Man in the same manner that Murdock is a lawyer as well as Daredevil and that Stark is an industrialist as well as Iron Man. There really was no good reason for him to quit the mutant ranks.

In the second place, Marvel has too many humanoid grotesqueries leaping about the pages without adding another to the list. You have sacrificed the cerebral side of the Beast's personality in order to emphasize the physical by making him a talking werewolf; leave that sort of thing to your competitors and restore McCoy to his former form. Return him as well to his compeers; it is as if they had lost a leg and cannot get about as quickly as before.

That's all folks! Make Mine Marvel, Stan!

RFO, QNS, Charles (?)

First off, we apologize for not printing your name, Charles, but you signed your missive in a beautiful cursive style that nobody in the whole blinkin' Bullpen could quite decipher. So—a word to the wise, people: type or print your names for us, to keep our secretary out of eyeglasses.

Anyhoo—the way we see it, Professor X's school was just that—a school, to prepare his young charges for adulthood. The prof's been saying so since 1964, and who are we to argue? So when an X-Man is ready, he leaves, like any student. Of course, it was never Hank's intention to stop being an X-Man, just because he moved to Long Island, but the best-laid plans. . . .

By the way, lad—the basic concept of the new Beast was thunk up by Rascally Roy Thomas, who chronicled some of the best of all X-Men epics in the past, so it's not like we've forgotten just who Hank is and was. Setting up a new character who was an old character takes time, though, and if we haven't covered all the bases yet, we will. For example, the other X-Men are not likely to let the Beast's blustery attitude last ish go unchallenged for long, and one of these days. . . .

Dear Stan, Gerry, Tom, and Syd,

Linda Donaldson is the greatest character to come down the Marvel pike in years! Imagine—the typical hero's girl friend who is actually his worst enemy. I love it! Don't polish her off at all soon, or the hoary hosts of Hoggoth will descend upon you.

As for Hank—he's great, too. But he does seem too much like the Hulk. Those bullets not affecting him made me really angry!

Jake Warner, 2487 Bristol Pike
Kansas City, MO

We have no plans to rid ourselves of the mysterious Miss Donaldson, frantic one. We find her just as fascinating as you—and Hank—do, and we have big plans for her in issues to come, though we had to slight her a little in this installment.

As for the Beast seeming like the Hulk—well, the word there is "seem." Nobody ever said Hank's evolutionary changes were permanent, now *did* they?

Dear Stan, Gerry, and Tom,

The Beast's resurrection was timely. For months now, we've been wondering what happened to the X-Men. The Iceman was rumored to be getting his own strip. He also appeared with Spidey. The Angel briefly had his own strip, possibly a chopped-up version of a story that was to have appeared in X-MEN during their solo period after Professor X "died," but it too soon disappeared. Professor X, himself, appeared in an AVENGERS plotted by Harlan Ellison; Havok and Lorna appeared in this month's HULK; but the Beast, perhaps the weirdest X-Man of them all, was nowhere to be seen. Now he has his own series with wonderful artwork by Tom Sutton. Tom never draws anything bad. However, he seems to be inked only by inkers who don't ink him well. Syd Shores is one of them. Please try another inker on him. And by all means keep Sutton illustrating the strip. This new Beast seems a lot like Werewolf by Night and the Thing and the Hulk. Gerry Conway gave us a good first tale. Be sure and make WEREWOLF BY NIGHT different. Let's not give these two fine creations the same problems. Develop some more secondary characters. Perhaps the Werewolf and the Beast can meet. Good luck on the new Beast.

David McDonnell, 1207 Colny Court, #327
Lebanon, PA 17042

You're right on our wavelength, Dave, as witness the several secondary characters introduced in this issue, to add to the previously presented Linda Donaldson. However, we don't plan on a meeting between the monstrous Mr. McCoy and the night-stalking Werewolf—we feel they are two separate characters, and are best served by *staying* separate. Gerry, the Werewolf scripter, was only slated to kick off the new adventures of Hank McCoy, and then turn the strip over to Steve. If traces of the Werewolf were present in that initial tale, it was only because full explanations of Hank's personality and problems were crowded out by space limitations. What say you after three issues, lad?

Dear Bullpen,

Potential. A word that is used to describe a quality found in everything from rookie ballplayers to fan artists. Yet it was present in AMAZING ADVENTURES #11. A potential to be something different. A battle between intellect and bestiality, reason and instinct, all inside of one man, Hank McCoy. Perhaps a symbolic vision of the battles inside each of us each day of our lives. I repeat—potential.

Develop it.

PMM Bill Fox, 511 Arthur Ave.
Scottdale, PA 15683

You've put your finger on it, Bill. Despite the fact that we felt a main hero could not speak as convolutedly as the old Beast (a supporting character) could, Hank is still as intelligent as ever. And the battle between Hank's intellect and the unknown bestial transformations wrought by the formula is one he must fight every minute, to avoid losing his humanity to the animal inside him. Whether he'll win is a question for the future.

KNOW YE THESE, THE HALLOWED RANKS OF MARVELDOM:

R.F.O. (Real Frantic One)—A buyer of at least 3 Marvel mags a month.

T.T.B. (Titanic True Believer) — A divinely-inspired 'No-Prize' winner.

Q.N.S. (Quite 'Nuff Sayer) — A fortunate frantic one who's had a letter printed.

K.O.F. (Keeper Of the Flame) — One who recruits a newcomer to Marvel's rollickin' ranks.

P.M.M. (Permanent Marvelite Maximus) —Anyone possessing all four of the other titles.

F.F.F. (Fearless Front-Facer) — An honorary title bestowed for devotion to Marvel above and beyond the call of duty.